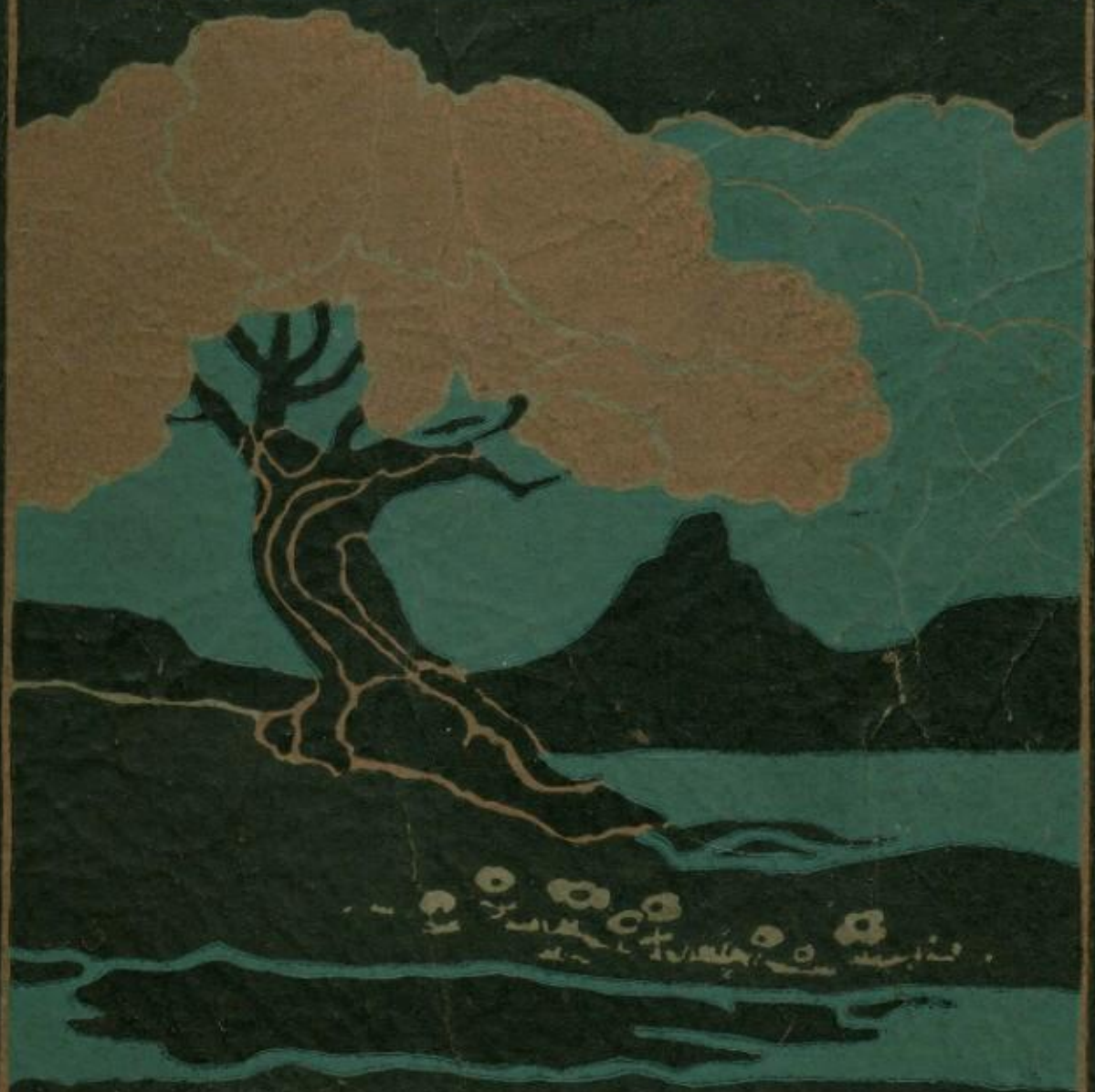
RADIOGRAPH



1920

In appreciation of her faithful service and her genuine inspiration to those about her, we the class of 1920, dedicate this our Annual to Sarah A. Allen

MR. J. V. VOORHEES

PRINCIPAL OF WINONA HIGH SCHOOL—SEPT. 1909-AUG. 1913
SUPERINTENDENT OF WINONA SCHOOLS—AUG. 1913-APRIL 1920

Senior High School

Junior High School

FACULTY

CALPH, JOHNSON, MCCUTCHEON, HALDERSON, M. J. OLSON, BEYERSTEDT, MCMARTIN, C. OLSON
KISSLING, MUIR, TILLMAN, NELSON
GILLETTE, JOHANNIS, WIX, KOCH, HERRMANN, KEYES, ALLEN, HARDIE, SPENCER, MCCOIG, CHADWICK
LUMLY, WALTER, MYERS, DAVIS, ROWEN, BRUCE, STRUCK, CARLTON, ROBINSON

In Memoriam

To show our esteem and affection, we affectionately dedicate this page to

LORENZ SCHERER
Born February 28, 1902. Died May 1, 1920.

MARY PRENTISS BRANNAN
Born January 13, 1905. Died February 21, 1920.

HARRY MICHALOWSKI
Born February 6, 1903. Died December 31, 1919.

1920

DOROTHY BISHOP
Class President.
Board of Control.
For herself she hath no fears,
For him alone she sees and hears.

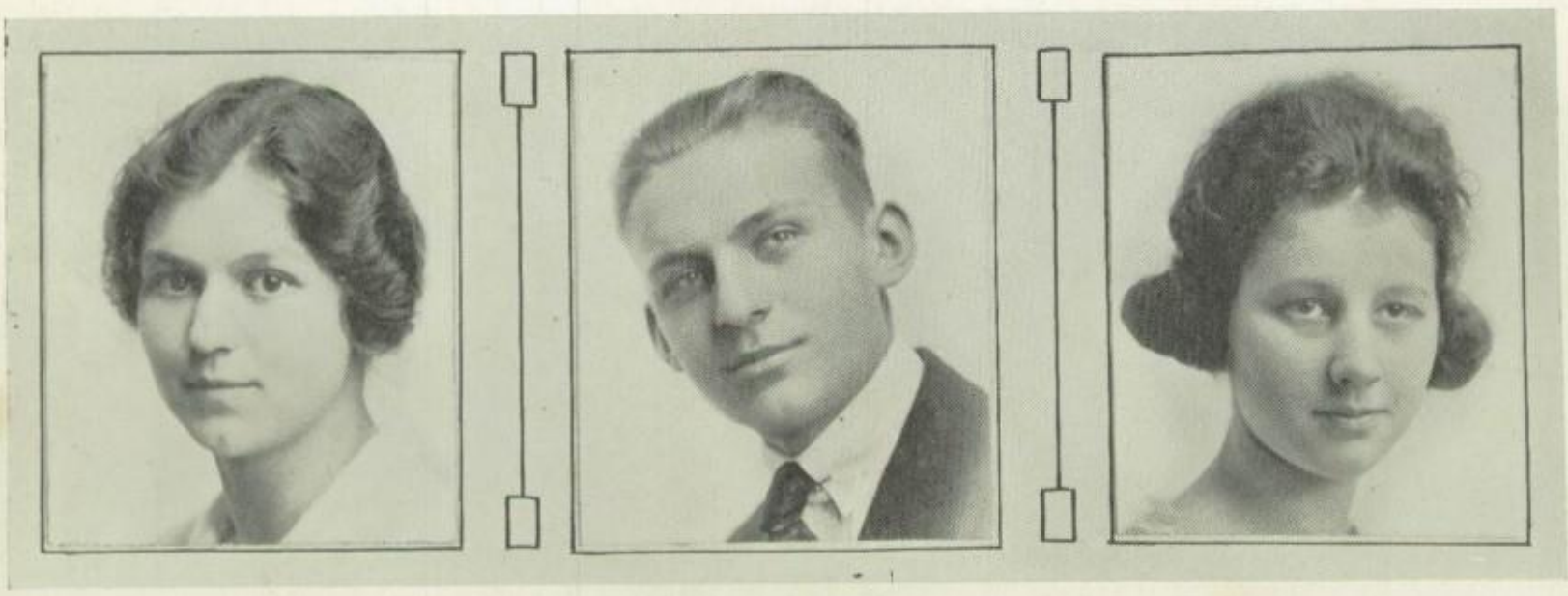
RAYMOND SEITZ
La Crosse High School.
Men of few words are the best men.

DAISY FENSTERMACHER
Girls Club.
She loses not many words.

LILLETH DEAN
Girls Club.
Boosters Club.
Trim and neat, and carries a tidy smile.

ARNOLD SCHULTZ
Radiograph Staff.
Class Play.
A musician is ever welcome.

LAURA POTTHOFF
Jordan High School.
Results come from work, not wind.



ARLOINE JACKSON
Class Play.
Radiograph Staff.
She is pretty to walk with,
And pretty to talk with.

LEONARD SLAGGIE
Cadets.
Boosters Club.
Search not to know what lies too deeply hid.

FLORENCE BUGGS
Girls Club.
El Circulo Hispanico.
A pleasant face, a happy smile.

HELEN ZACHE
Girls Club.
El Circulo Hispanico.
So sweet and demure
And well liked, that's sure.

ETHELBERT SANDT
Radiograph Staff.
Agenda Club.
The only way to have a friend is to be one.

HARRIET AVERILL
Glee Club.
Girls' Basketball.
She tells you flatly what her mind is.

MELITA THOENY
Commercial Club.
Girls Club.
Faithfully she does her duty.

JOHN TRACY
Football.
Glee Club.
Variety is the very spice of life.

ANNA GOSS
Girls Club.
Commercial Club.
She has many nameless virtues.

JOSEPHINE PALMER
Girls Club.
Glee Club.
I chatter, chatter as I go.

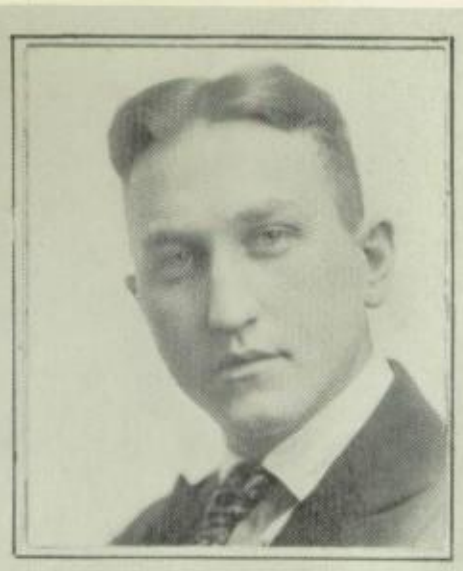
WILLIAM MANLEY
Football.
Track.
A lion among the ladies is a most dreadful thing.

ALICE NELSON
Commercial Club.
El Circulo Hispanico.
She is as kind as she is fair.

THELMA MCCARL

Glee Club.
Commercial Club.

Jud e me by what I am.



HAROLD PROSSER

Football.
Basketball.

God bless the man who first invented sleep.

ETHEL BOCKLER

Girls Club.
Girls' Basketball.

She's as modest as any,
And as blithe as she's bonny.

MAUDE GERNES

Girls Club.
Boosters Club.

Life is too short to waste.

JAMES PELLOWSKI

Football.
Basketball.

Never known to be quiet in class.

HELEN PROTZ

Commercial Club.
Girls Club.

Of easy temper, naturally good.

DOROTHY CURTIS

Girls Club.
Cicero Club.

Would that more were like her.

HERBERT HEISE

Football.
Agenda Club.

Hear diligently when I speak,
For I don t often speak.

HENRIETTE LEICHT

Radiograph Staff.
Girls Club.

Care rests lightly on her shoulders.

VERNON BINGHAM
Glee Club.
Track Team.
A man not of words but of actions.

VICTORIA GOSTOMSKA
Girls Club.
Commercial Club.
In no way frivolous.

ROY HANSON
Cadets.
Boosters Club.
No torment is so bad as love.

WINIFRED GOETZ
Girls Club.
Commercial Club.
A good heart, a generous soul.

EDWARD ENGEL
Boosters Club.
Cadets.
Not a word spoke be more than was need.

HELEN TRIPPE
Girls Club.
El Circulo Hispanico.
To be liked by all this age and day
Is the highest compliment we can pay.

HILDA SONNEMAN
Girls Club.
Commercial Club.
Modest and simple and sweet;
The type of Puritan maiden.

RUDY SEBO
Agenda Club.
Glee Club.
A merry heart, the best of company.

BLANCHE HUNTER
Girls Club.
Radiograph Staff
Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness.

LILIAN VAN DEUSEN
Radiograph Staff.
Girls Club.
A personification of sweetness and dignity.

IRWIN HABECK
Victory Boys.
Radiograph Staff.
No victory without labor.

SOPHIA THALDORF
Boosters Club.
Girls Club.
Black eyes, with a wondrous witching charm,
To bring us good or to work us harm.

GLOREIN FRUETEL
Boosters Club.
Radiograph Staff.
Ambitious but still not a bit of a grind.

ARCHIE MILLER
Agenda Club.
Cadets.
What shall I do to be forever known.

MARGARET JERECZEK
Girls Club.
Girls' Basketball.
Short—but sweet.

ROBERT LEICHT
Class Play.
Radiograph Staff.
'Tis not my talent to conceal my thought.

MARGARET MILLAM
Boosters Club.
Girls Club.
Simple and sweet—we all love her.

ARTHUR FAIR
Boosters Club.
Cadets.
He kept his counsel and went his way.

HAROLD PARKS
Football.
El Circulo Hispanico.
In him alone, 'twas natural to please.

ELMA HAGEN
Commercial Club.
El Circulo Hispanico.
Little I ask, my wants are few.

JOSEPH LEICHT
Agenda Club.
Boosters Club.
Anything for an argument.

LYLE FRASIER
Cicero Club.
Boosters Club.
Aim a little above the mark,
And you will be sure to hit it.

ELEANOR REISDORF
Glee Club.
Boosters Club.
She is constant as the morning star.

MILTON WELTY
Agenda Club.
Football.
He did nothing in particular,
And did it well.

CARL POTTHOFF
Jordan High School.
Industry makes all things easy.

FLORENCE HALL
Boosters Club.
Glee Club.
What shall I do to be known forever?

ANDREW RISSER
Football.
Agenda Club.
Quiet and unassuming, but interested.

KATHERINE BEIL

El Circulo Hispanico.
Boosters Club.

There's a bit of Irish in her eye.

JOSEPH TILLMAN

Cadets.
Class Play.

If he will, he will;
You may depend on it.

HELEN TRAWICKY

Girls Club.
Girls' Basketball.

Her hair was not more sunny than her smile.

DAISY ZABROCKI

Girls Club.
Boosters Club.

Little I ask, my wants are few.

EDWARD STREATER

Basketball.
Radiograph Staff.

When he thought a thing, he said it;
When he decided to do a thing he did it.

HAZEL EASTEY

Commercial Club.
El Circulo Hispanico.

Calm, docile and easy going.

IRENE EHMKE

Glee Club.
Girls' Basketball.

What e'er she is, she'll not appear a saint.

RICHARD MAXWELL

Football.
Basketball.

I dare do all that becomes a man,
Who dares do more is none.

GRACE GORDON

Houston High School.
Literary Society.

A very gentle, modest and demure little maid.

VELZORA KUSCHE

Glee Club.
Girls Club.

Sometimes I sit and think; and Sometimes I just sit.

ALBERT LINKEN

Cadets.
Boosters Club.

To be strong, is to be happy.

ELIZABETH DUFF

Commercial Club.
Boosters Club.

Modest simplicity is a virtue of woman.

MAYME WERSHOFEN

Girls' Basketball.
El Circulo Hispanico.

Quiet in appearance with motives unknown.

RAOUL LA FRANCE

Agenda Club.
Radiograph Staff.

Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

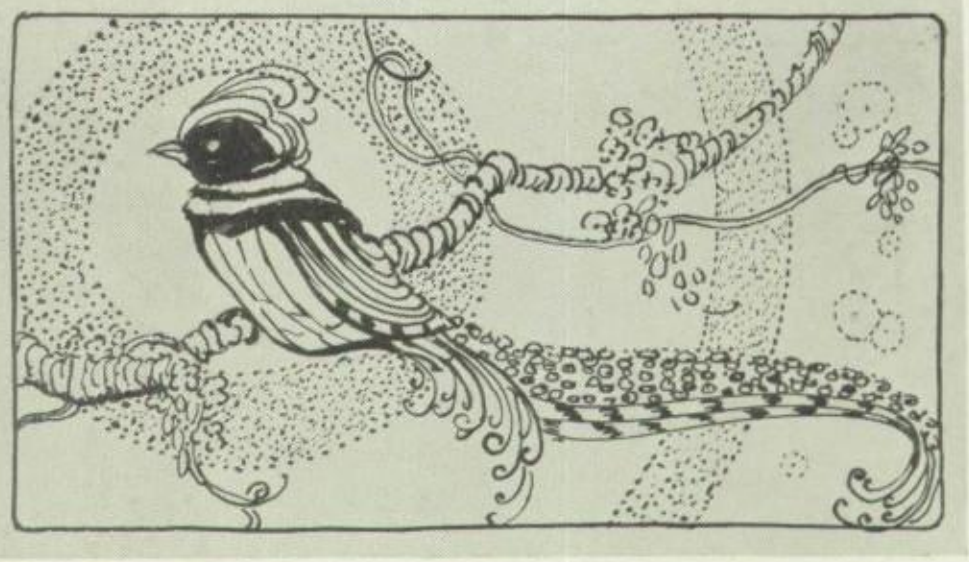
HERMIA JERECZEK

Girls Club.
El Circulo Hispanico.

She smiles and smiles and will not sigh.

MAXWELL WHITE

Of all my father's family, I love myself the best.



ROSALIE VOELKER

She came a stranger, and leaves a friend.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....DOROTHY BISHOP
VICE-PRESIDENT.....GLOREIN FRUETEL
SECRETARY AND TREASURER.....JOHN TRACY

CLASS COLORS: ROSE AND GREY.
CLASS FLOWER: SWEET PEA.
CLASS MOTTO: "TO BE—NOT TO SEEM TO BE."

Class Song

Tune, "Alma Mater," by Arthur Edward Johnstone.

Four years have past, and now at last
We're loath to leave our dear old school,
Winona High will always be
A monument in our memory;
The Rose and Grey shall be our guide,
The Sweet-pea token of our pride;
What 'er success or fame we gain,
Shall add new luster to her name.

Loved Alma Mater we must part,
Although it be with heavy heart,
The knowledge sought has been attained
Within thy walls, where duty reigned,
And now we've come with laurels won,
The victory's ours, the task is done,
But best of Wisdom's guerdon's fair,
Is friendship's flower beyond compare.

—R. Averill '20.

Class Poem

O'er rocks and rills, the laughing brook
Does gaily make its way;
And so through High, with joy and care,
We've wandered on from day to day.

O Knowledge! we have sought thee
To be our joyful mate,
And often in thy spacious halls,
Have schooled ourselves to meet our fate.

But, now at last our ways must part,
As the brook flows into the river;
And each shall go to take the place
Which is offered by the Giver.

Through four long years, we've learned to love
Thy stately halls and wide,
But now the time is short, so short
The '20 class may in them bide.

For when we all, with fearless hearts,
Have tasted of thy golden fount,
With eyes on high and minds composed,
We dare to climb the rugged mount.

O, City of Eternal Toil!
We long to come to thee,
With all our talents burnished bright,
To be—Not seem to be.

—M. Millam '20.

History of the Class of 1920

Chapter I.

AND it came to pass that in the fourth year of the reign of Webster, the Solemn, there came unto a place called the High School in the city of Winona, a vast multitude of people. These people had heard of the wondrous wisdom which was to be had at this High School, and since early childhood had looked forward to this momentous day. Some were come from Homer, Minnesota City, and other metropolises but the greater part resided within the gates of Winona.

And when those from without the gates and some few from within had visited the Lord High Chief of the place, whose name, because of his solemness of face and wonderful intellect, is enrolled among those of the saints, they departed thence from his presence with questioning looks and doubtful minds.

The inhabitants of this place were of the tribes of the Seniorites, the Juniorites, and the Sophomorites.

The newcomers were received by these tribes with great joy and enthusiasm. And so great was the reception as to temporarily overpower some of them.

Chapter II.

Now it came to pass that during the first year when they were come unto that place they did meet together under the guiding hand of a friend named F. L. Steer, who did help them to form themselves into a tribe which was called the Freshite.

And at the end of the fifth month when they were come unto this High School, the tribe of the Freshites was deeply concerned to be forbidden to move with their guide, Mr. Steer, and the tribes of the Seniorites, the Juniorites, and the Sophomorites into a magnificent new home which had been prepared unto them by their fathers. But this tribe of the Freshites were too brave to be overcome by such an act and bravely covered their chagrin with earnest labor. And great was their reward.

Chapter III.

For, in the second year, the tribe of the Freshites was become the tribe of the Sophomorites and having been duly informed, moved themselves bodily unto their new home and were there met by the same F. L. Steer. And there was much gayety and rejoicing. Though small the men, great were the ambitions of these Sophomorites now and numerous were the tasks undertaken by them.

Chapter IV.

In the third year of their dwelling in that place and when they had become the tribe of the Juniorites, they chose one of the most learned from among their number, named Bruce Clark, to be the High Chief Priest of the tribe.

But feeling ran high among the tribesmen. Duty had called guide Steer to serve his country so Lord High Chief Davis named one mathematical Marie, surnamed Heiberg, to keep the order. Noble were her efforts and great was her success.

In accordance with the custom in that place of having a ball to which all good people of the tribe of the Seniorites could go and be merry at the expense of the tribe of the Juniorites, the Juniorites entertained the Seniorites at dancing and games. This frolic at the Masonic Temple, May 29, 1919, was a huge success, being under the direction of Assistant High Chief Priest Bess Merrill for High Chief Priest Clark had left the institution and taken up the plow.

Chapter V.

Now it came to pass that the fourth and last year of the tribe of the Juniorites of W. H. S. was upon them and they had become the tribe of the Seniorites. And they did meet together under the loving care of a slight little personage, one Alice, surnamed Rosenberg. But when she departed unto a near-by realm, one Mary, surnamed McCutcheon, another mathematical and active personage, to the great job of the entire tribe, was called to guide them during the final hours. And they did duly elect tribesman Dorothy Bishop to the office of High Chief Priestess.

Many were the noble tribesmen whom luck had called from the ranks of the Seniorites, but, as fortune favored, friend Steer returned with a shipload of ex-tribesmen of W. H. S. These braves being very desirous of obtaining a certificate of wisdom, returned to the home of wondrous wisdom with strong backs and clear minds, and nobly earned the sheepskin.

The tribe of '20 had lost in the inter-tribe basketball tournament but, a bright light was seen on the horizon for the day of the inter-tribe track meet was fast approaching. Tribesman Richie Maxwell, being a very apt athlete, was picked to act as High Sachem of the Seniorites track team. Wise was the choice for when the final hour arrived many brave tribesmen were found to have been prepared and so marched forth to battle. And as the battle waged the brave Seniorites seemed to slowly gain the upper hand and nobly won, bringing home the trophy—a wonderful miniature of Hercules strangling the eagle.

The Junior-Senior Prom at which the Seniorites this time were guests, was a great success to the fullest extent of the word.

But the dramatic abilities of the tribe could not be overlooked and "What Happened to Jones" was just the play which displayed such talent, not to mention the great enjoyment which was derived from seeing such a masterpiece.

Although during the last few weeks the brave tribesmen rushed madly about, great was their reward and much their wisdom acquired in four long years. The tribe of W. H. S. '20 then scattered far and wide but precious are the many memories which remain.

Here endeth the reading of the first book of the history of the noble tribe of '20.

Class Prophecy

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, JUNE 1960.

Dear RADIOGRAPH:

I have in my hand your letter, written March 26th, asking what I know of the members of the dear old class that graduated from the Winona High School "way back in '20."

How did you know my address? You must have found it in the files at the Republican Herald Office, for I'm still a subscriber to the old reliable paper.

I wonder if the Herbert Heise, who wrote this letter, isn't the son of the quiet, steady Herbert who surprised us all as the versatile Mr. Jones in the class play. I see by the Herald that he is an eminent surgeon in the metropolitan city, Winona.

Now for what I know and how I know it. I had been working very hard in the last forty years and I felt that I needed a rest. Having heard much about the Hollywood Old Ladies' Home, I decided that that would be an ideal place to spend the rest of my days, and as I had saved the amount necessary to enter, I started for the land of sunshine and flowers.

When I arrived at the Home, the matron assigned me a room. As I walked along the corridor, I heard someone singing our old school song, "Winona Will Shine Tonight.' I could not resist the temptation to stop and look into the room. Lo, and behold, I saw my old schoolmate, Margaret Jereczek! I dropped my bags and ran to meet her. She had been an inmate of the home for five years.

At dinner, I was surprised to hear a man's voice in the next room. I asked Margaret how a man happened to be in an old ladies' home and she said, "Why, that is Bill Manley, our 'Old Lady 31.' You will soon appreciate how popular he has become with all the ladies here, as he is so willing to lend assistance and do errands for them."

After dinner, we went to my room, and naturally our thoughts went back to the old class of 1920. We wondered what time had brought to all our former classmates of the Winona High School, so I brought out my Ouija Board and we asked it these questions.

First we inquired about the class officers, and were told that Dorothy Bishop was president of the Winona Sunshine Society. Glorein Freutel was teaching Latin in the Sugar Loaf University, the president of which was Irwin Habeck. We were surprised to learn that John Tracy was advertising manager for Ringling Bros. Circus, and Henriette Leicht was the remarkable rider of the famous horse Nancy Hanks. Edward Streater was our millionaire. He had invented a machine by means of which it is possible to stoke the

furnace, dislodge the clinkers, and remove the ashes by simply pushing a button placed in the headboard of any bed. Streater's advertising man was Harold Parks.

Next we inquired if our class was represented on the stage, and were told that Irene Ehmke had followed Nazimova in the moving picture world, while her chum, Velzora Kusche, was enacting parts formerly played by Mary Miles Minter. Joseph Tillman was a successful vaudeville comedian.

Margaret had told me early in the evening that her sister Hermia was a professional dancer, but she had neglected to tell me that at this time she was chaperoning the concert tour of Arnold Schultz, the celebrated pianist, Robert Leicht, the famous violinist, and Vernon Bingham, the noted vocalist on their trip through South America. Sophia Thaldorf accompanied the artists as director.

I was pleased to learn that a number of our class had become authors and editors. Florence Hall and Harriet Averill were editing a page of Roy Hanson's "Daily Tattler" headed "Advice to the Love Lorn." Joseph Leicht had published a number of brilliant articles of Argumentation in the same paper. Elizabeth Duff, Melita Thoeny and Edward Engel are active reporters for the Daily Tattler. The book, "The Student and His Problems" was written by Andrew Risser, Ph. D. Maude Gernes, Dean of The Young Ladies' Academy, had written a remarkable introduction for Dr. Risser's book.

I almost doubted Ouija when we learned that Rudy Sebo had opened up a fashionable tailoring establishment in La Crosse, Wisconsin, and was employing Elma Hagen, Mayme Wershofen, Victoria Gustomska and Grace Gordon on his staff of workers.

We were told that Hazel Eastey and Alice Nelson were the owners of a tea shop on Lake Drive, where guests were served dainty luncheons by Helen Zache, and Florence Buggs. Next to the tea shop is a large garage operated by Archibald Miller. "Archie" sells Stutz and Ford cars. His traveling salesmen are Lyle Frasier and Josephine Palmer. Hilda Sonneman is "Archie's" competent stenographer.

Arthur Fair has established himself as a wholesale egg dealer. (No lady clerks hired.) Prosser has invented a Sleeping Powder which is absolutely harmless, and he writes tragedies as a "side-line."

Then the Board told us that Helen Trawicky and Winifred Goetz had gone to Honolulu to do Y. W. C. A. work, and Rosalie Voelker had accompanied them, as she had accepted a position as secretary to the Governor General of Hawaii. Laura Potthoff and her brother Carl had gone to China as missionaries.

Raoul La France had enlarged his father's pickle factory, and had extended the trade to foreign countries. Katherine Beil was Raoul's private secretary, while Leonard Slaggie and Anna Goss were his salesmen.

We asked the Ouija Board what Raymond Seitz was doing, but we could not make it answer, so we took it for granted that he must have been on a vacation. Milton Welty, we learned, was running a very fine ice cream parlor, where his manager, Helen Protz, sold candy hearts with sentimental readings on them.

We learned that Richard Maxwell was President of the Homer School of Physical Education, where James Pellowski was employed as gymnasium instructor. Helen Trippe and Lillian Van Duesen were running an employment bureau in Rochester, which was meeting with great success; and Albert Linkin was creating quite a sensation in that same city as a pugilist.

Margaret Millam had replaced Miss Chadwick as Latin teacher in the Winona High School. Blanche Hunter and Lillith Dean were the founders of the Winona Orphan Asylum. Daisy Fenstermacher and Daisy Zabrachi were lecturing on Woman's Rights in Utah.

Arloine Jackson had a fashionable dancing school in New York City, where Ethelbert Sandt furnished the music. Dorothy Curtis and Ethel Bockler had gone to Canada, where they were actively engaged in agitating woman's suffrage.

I glanced at my watch and to my surprise it was twelve o'clock. The evening had passed before we were aware of the time, and as the rules and regulations of the Home stated that all lights were to be out at ten thirty, Margaret and I decided we had better retire.

Sincerely,

THELMA MCCARL.

Last Will and Testament

BE it known that we, the Class of 1920, a finished product of four years training, being of intelligent and benevolent nature, and possessed of our right mind, having no misgivings as to propriety in proffering of gifts, do hereby humbly petition those who receive, to receive in the spirit in which all is bequeathed. We hereby make known, publish and declare this our last will and testament.

As a class we are leaving to the Juniors our much beloved Senior room, hoping that they will make use of it, instead of the halls.

Our worthy President, Dorothy Bishop, leaves her honored position to some executive Junior.

Laura Potthoff bequenths her ability of giving special topics on Social Problems to Rodney Craig.

Helen Protz and Helen Zache leave their much envied walk to Hortense Beinhorn and Royaline Hargesheimer.

James Pellowski leaves his athletic ability to Harry Burns.

Vernon Bingham bequeaths his excuses for typing to Edward Bauman.

Richard Maxwell bequeaths his fidgety feet, his tickle toe, and his camel walk to Tom Lester.

John Tracy leaves his school spirit to the Junior class. We hope they are strong enough to bear the burden.

Irene Ehmke bequeaths her kindly disposition to Rosamond Sunde.

Velzora Kusche leaves her fussy hair comb to Elizabeth Shackel, hoping Elizabeth can do something with it.

Lillian Van Deusen bequeaths her literary ability to Helen Bilder.

Glorein Fruetel bequeaths her womanly airs and sedate outlook on life to the Girls' Club, to profit thereby.

Roy Hanson bequeaths his noon hour conversation with the girls to Harold Kleine.

Henriette Leicht bequeaths her formula for writing notes to Gertrude Spiering.

Ethelbert Sandt leaves the frog in his throat to Mr. Meyers, to aid in Biology experiments.

Hermia Jereczek leaves her locker with its access to the mirror to the highest bidder.

Harold Prosser leaves his Modern History Book with Miss McMartin.

Dorothy Curtis states that she will need all her belongings in the class play. On this account she is publishing no will.

Carl Potthoff bequeaths his report card with the usual five A's to Carl Posz.

Rudy Sebo leaves his tantalizing ways to James Gross.

William Manley leaves his affinity for the girls to Raymond Hirsh.

Anna Goss bequeaths her self-confidence to Rebecca Prentiss.

Helen Trawicky bequeaths six inches of her height to Frances Rogalsky.

Milton Welty leaves his fifth period excuses for Friday afternoons to Oscar Sontag.

Raymond Seitz would like to leave his dice, but rules and regulations forbid it.

Herbert Heise bequeaths his bashfulness to Ignatius Kubricht. Herbert says he is through being bashful and thinks Ignatius might like it for awhile.

Joseph Tillman bequeaths his complexion to Royal Risser.

Margaret Millam bequeaths her brains to Evelyn Olson.

Irwin Habeck leaves his thumb-worn books to James Pierce.

Arnold Schultz leaves his Virgil translations to Louise Pletke, providing Miss Chadwick will not object.

Thelma McCarl leaves her Marcel wave to Iva Bigelow.

Harriet Averill bequeaths her back seat in the Senior assembly to the next lucky person.

Robert Leicht leaves his ability of giving suggestions in the Senior room. He thinks the Juniors will need it.

Raoul La France bequeaths his arguments on "Prohibition" to his brother Alfred.

Edward Streater is a victim of suffrage. He has to ask D. B. what he has left to bequeath.

Archie Miller bequeaths his favorite neckties to Dennis Linahan.
Arloine Jackson bequeaths her frivolous habits to Martha Botsford.
Joseph Leicht gives his quiet and gentle voice to Albert Gernes.
Edward Engel is still undecided; he can't decide between two things, so we'll let him bequeath himself.
Margaret Jereczek bequeaths her love for English to anyone who wants it.
Blanche Hunter bequeaths her speed at typewriting to Robert Putsch. She hopes he makes use of it.
Ethel Bockler passes her luck to the next Bockler to arrive at school.
Andrew Risser bequeaths everything to the next Risser in line and hopes for more success than he has had.
Maude Gernes bequeaths her blushes and self-consciousness to Florence Bareuther.
Lilleth Dean bequeaths her demureness to Wenonah Robb.
Winifred Goetz donates her dashing ways to Katherine Ott.
Albert Linken bequeaths his size to Arthur Brooks.
Arthur Fair bequeaths his disposition to Harold Workman.
Sophie Thaldorf bequeaths her giggles to Mildred Jenks.
Lyle Frazier bequeaths his ambition to Burr Blair.
Josephine Palmer, Florence Hall and Alice Nelson bequeath all they know in Social Problems to the next year's class.
Katherine Beil bequeaths her leather coat to Josephine Schlueter.
We do hereby order that this immortal document be framed, and hung in Room 104.
Witness our hand and seal.

(SEAL) CLASS OF 1920.

This august document of the immortal and time honored class of 1920 was sworn to before me this first day of May in the year of our Lord, Nineteen hundred and twenty.

ANDREW HOOVER.
Notary Public.

Witnesses:
MARY R. MCCUTCHEON
EVANGELINE ROBINSON
ROSALIE VOELKER

Senior Statistics

MANY states contributed to make this "Class of 1920" a success. Thirty-three were born in Winona; fourteen in Minnesota outside of Winona; five in Wisconsin; two in Illinois and North Dakota; and one each in Montana, Iowa, South Dakota and Pennsylvania.

The class does not look so very old but the ages total to more than a thousand years. The average age is 17 years, 4 months. The honor of being the class baby goes to Irwin Habeck, who celebrated his sixteenth birthday May 7, 1920 There are four who can cast their votes next November.

Of height and weight this class has its share. The total height is more than 300 feet, with an average height of 5 feet 5 inches. Arnold Schultz is the tallest, measuring 6 feet 3 inches, and Margaret Jereczek is the shortest, scarcely reaching the 5 feet 1 inch mark. The total weight hovers around the four thousand pound mark. Albert Linken is the class heavyweight with 197 pounds to his credit; Grace Gordon is the class midget, weighing just 101 .pounds. The average weight is 126½ pounds.

All sizes of shoes from 2½ to 7 are required to keep the girls in shoes; the boys need from size 7 to size 10. An average Senior boy should wear a 14 4-5 collar and a 7¼ hat. Robert Leicht wears the smallest hat, size 6⅝, and James Pellowski the largest, size 7¾.

Almost two hundred and fifty years have been spent by this "Class of 1920" in high school so it is not strange if at times the course seemed endless. The average is 3.9 years, while two, Maude Gernes and Lillian Van Deusen, completed their necessary work in three years.

Most interesting were the opinions concerning the subjects taught. Commercial subjects and History tied for first place as a favorite subject. Sciences won second place and English and Mathematics tied for third place. Mathematics received the greatest number of votes as the most disliked subject, with English a close second and Latin third. Then were two who had no favorite subjects and one confessed he disliked no subject in the curriculum. One voted against "school in general with no exceptions."

In most instances the plans for next year were definite. Thirty-eight intend to continue their scholastic trianing at normal school, college or university; one returns to Winona High School for post-graduate work. Four expect to teach rural school; others plan to enter the business world. One confessed he had no plans for next year but he hopes to obtain success.

The ambitions are varied; some hope to be doctors; others, nurses; others, successful business men; while still others have teaching as their goal. The following are interesting quotations:

"Goodness only knows. I'm going to teach but that isn't my ambition."
"To get even with some of the teachers."
"To teach teachers."
"Be an engineer, retire from active businness at fifty-five; to have a pleasat home and happy family."
"To earn $30,000 a year."
"To be a teacher that doesn't know how to scold."
"To get through."
"To be a head accountant or work in collaboration with Mr. Carlton."
"To make more money than Archie M."
"To manage a show, or have my own."
"To return some of the red ink that has been given me."
"To be an artist like Neysa McMein
"To teach in Hawaii."
"To do what I do the best I can, even though I don't get much done."

Many expressed a fondness for red as a color but objected to it in ink. One confessed that red ink is "hard on the eyes and the honor roll;" a second considered it a "superfluous article;" a third admitted he was "getting used to it now;" a fourth branded it as a "Mark of laziness;" and a fifth had never heard of it.

Some of the opinions regarding excuses for fifth period on Friday are worthy of quoting:

"Excuses ought not be granted; it is only a habit on the part of some."
"Hardest excuse to get."
"Waste of paper."
"Takes a pretty good talker to get one."
"All right for an honor roll pupil."
"Not necessary."
"Shirks—maybe I am jealous because I have always had a class."
"Something which should be granted freely."
"Much better to get an excuse than to skip. I know."
"Excuses should be placed in a box in the hall with a sign above, 'Take One.' "

The Junior-Senior Reception

The Junior-Senior Reception will be held at the Masonic Temple Friday evening, June 4th. Donald Ruhnke, the Junior Class President, will give the address of welcome and Dorothy Bishop, the Senior Class President, will respond. Milke's Orchestra has been secured to furnish the music. From all indications, it promises to be one of the most successful school parties ever held.

The Baccalaureate Sermon

Rev. William E. Dudley, Pastor of the Congregational Church, will deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon for the Class of 1920 on May 30th at the Congregational Church. Rev. Dudley has chosen for his subject, "The Life That Counts."

The Fiftieth Annual High School Commencement will be held at the Winona Opera House on June 11, 1920. Rev. Burgstaller of St. Paul will give the commencement address. Music will be furnished by the High School Chorus and Mixed Glee Club.

The Faculty has extended an invitation for a picnic to the Seniors. The plans are to have the picnic during the last week of school. The place will be selected by the committee in charge.

Honor Roll—Class of June, 1920

1. Irwin Habeck.....95.54
2. Carl Potthoff.....94.70
3. Dorothy Bishop.....93.70
4. Margaret Millam.....93.55
5. Edward Streater.....92.51
6. Maude Gernes.....92.36
7. Glorein Freutel.....91.93
8. Blanche Hunter.....91.65
9. Arnold Schultz.....91.50
10. Lyle Frasier.....91.25
11. Lillian Van Deusen.....90.81
12. Laura Potthoff.....90.00
13. Richard Maxwell.....89.85

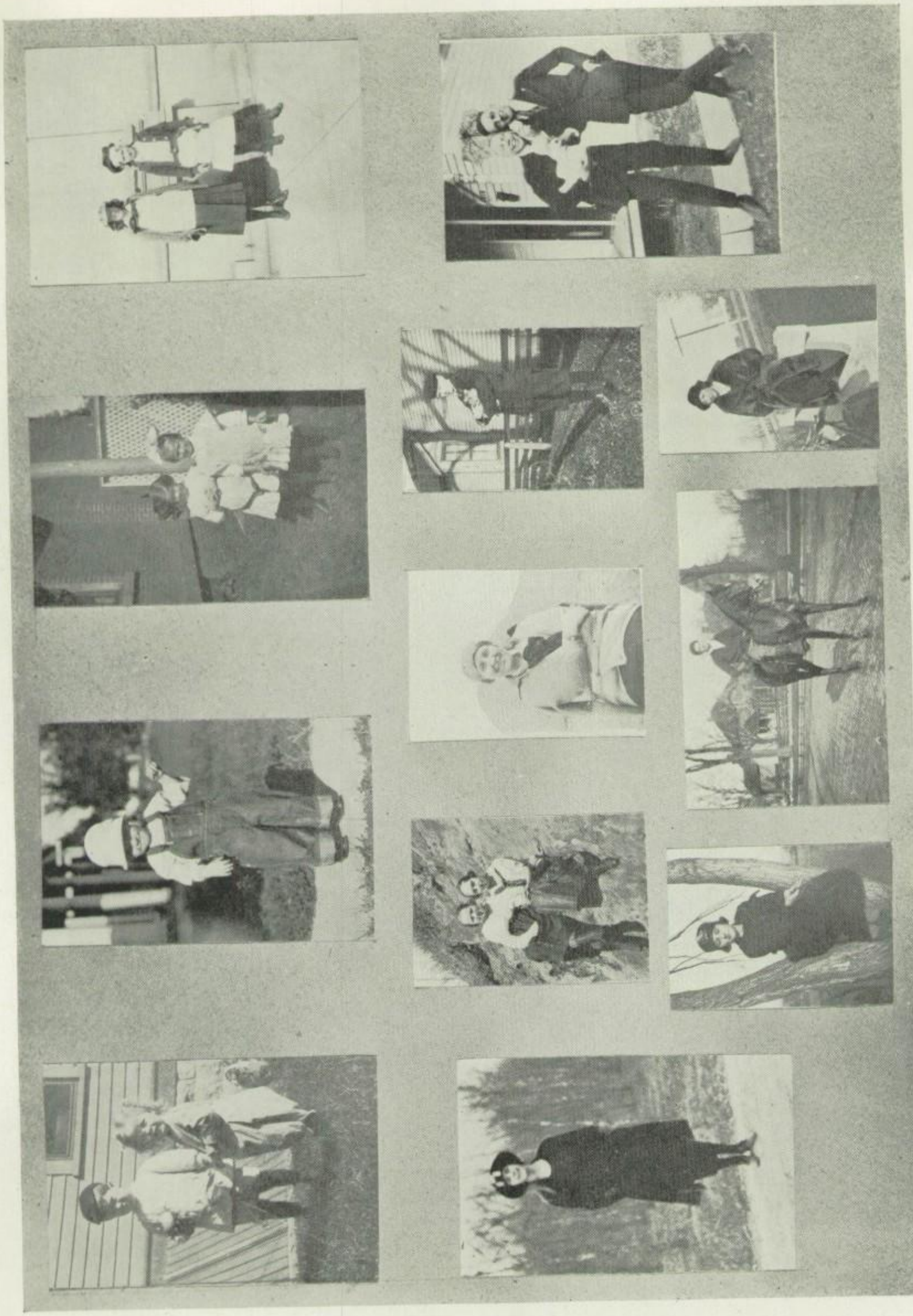
Class Play

"WHAT Happened to Jones," a comedy farce by George Broadhurst, was given by the Senior Class on May 21st at the Winona Opera House. It is the jolliest sort of farce, clean and sparkling all the way through. Jones, who travels for a Hymn-book House, masks as a bishop from Australia and many funny complications ensue.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jones	Herbert Heise
Ebenezer Goodly	Robert Leicht
Antony Goodly, D. D.	Arnold Schultz
Richard Heatherly	Richard Maxwell
Thomas Holder	James Pelowski
William Bigbee	Joseph Tillman
Henry Fuller	Edward Streater
Mrs. Goodly	Florence Hall
Cissy	Arloine Jackson
Marjorie	Sophia Thaldorf
Minerva	Dorothy Bishop
Arlonia Starlight	Dorothy Curtis
Helma	Anna Goss

The play was given under the direction of Mrs. Biesanz and much credit is due her for her splendid work in prdoucing a finished play.



LITERARY
D.F.

A Spring Evening

THE far-off curfew had slowly knelled the hour of nine, and the sky was just dimly struggling against the dark. Faint streaks of light still remained to show the weary hobo on the crossing that he was not the only one down and out.

The wind stirred and rustled the swelling buds of the trees, rustling and tussling among themselves, whispering to each other as they rocked to and fro in the breeze. The very trees themselves, shrieked and groaned in the swift rising wind. The hobo on the crossing groaned and got behind a piano box.

The scudding clouds, whipped about by the wind, scarcely seemed higher than the tree tops, so close were they to the ground. Anon a burst of rain would drench the earth as if a dark foreboding of what followed were being sent. The devil himself seemed to be riding the winds this night, and all his black and arrow-tailed followers were his horses. The atmosphere seemed to overwhelm one and the world seemed small and one felt minute. The hobo crept closer to the lee side of the piano box and lit his pipe.

The rain spattering, the wind howling, gave way at times to the sizzling flare of lightning; and the whole world stood still waiting for the thunder crash; then joining in with renewed intensity as if impetus to their wild cause had been given. The wind devils howled and shrieked with glee and gaily plucked branches from the trees, carrying them for a while, only to drop them for newer prey. A playful wind moved the piano box a few feet and the hobo scrambled after it, seating himself on the leeward side, with a long sigh of relief.

The rain came down with a soft patter and the wind was growing tired; the lightning had accompanied the frantic clouds to newer accomplishments. The wind was complaining in a sort of whine. The black clouds broke into small masses and away in the distance the lightning flared fitfully while the far-off growl of the thunder accompanied it. The rain ceased and soon all that was heard was the drip, drip of water off the trees. The hobo relit his pipe and stretched his legs.

In the distance, up the track, a headlight jerkily flared and flickered. A long whistle with three short blasts following came wafted over the fields.

The hobo scrambled to the standing posture and gazed up the track.

"Must be Number 14," he muttered.

Soon a monster engine came shrieking to a stop at the crossing. The hobo ran stumbling along the train counting the cars.

"26-27-28-29-30. This must be the one," he muttered to himself.

Leaning under the rear trucks he gave three piping whistles and paused a moment. Three short, low whistles answered him.

"That you, Buck?" inquired a hoarse voice cautiously.

"Yeah."

"Have ye got it on deck?" asked the hoarse voice as he lifted his six angular feet of anatomy tenderly off the roads.

"Yep, got it cached up the line a piece," answered Red Buck.

"All right, let's get started. Sixty-one is due here to take on water in about five hours, so we got to make it snappy," advised his companion.

Together they crept over around the water tank and waited until the train pulled out, leaving them in utter darkness. With a sigh of relief they stood up and started out at a brisk walk in the direction the train had gone. They walked silently until they came to a small bridge, where Buck stopped, slid down the embankment, returning in a moment with a small tin can sealed at both ends. When he slipped and nearly fell, recovered himself and straightened up, he shot out, "Good Lord, if I'd have dropped it!"

"Well, see that you don't," growled Slim, the tall one, as he took a chew from a grimy red bag.

They disappeared into the gloom in the direction of a small cluster of lights—away off the tracks.

The moon came out shining from the heavens as though refreshed by its recent rest during the storm. A reassured bull-frog deemed it safe now to grump out a few cautious calls and seemed to derive assurance from the fact that his grumps were followed by a

chorus of high and low pitched grumps. A whirr of a night-hawk broke up the chorus temporarily, and off in a woody stretch a whip-poor-will plaintively called out vengeance on poor Willie.

In the space of five hours the bullfrog abruptly stopped his booming and grunting. A stone rattled against a rail and soon stumbling and hurrying steps could be heard.

A tall angular figure appeared followed by a shorter, seedier individual hurrying across the bridge. They each had a small bundle, small and oblong, and their pockets were bulging. Slim stumbled and his pockets clinked out their protest. A muttered oath wafted over the meadow, followed by a query in a high pitched voice and answered by a muffled growl. The gloom of the trees on either side of the track soon swallowed them up.

Arriving at the water tank, they proceeded to keep out of sight. A long, deep-toned whistle broke the silence, and far off a train rapidly approached the tank, from the direction in which they had come. It drew near and came to a stop. The slim one and the seedy one crept over to the side of the track and scrambling underneath the third car they were lost sight of as they clambered onto the rods. Soon the train started, rapidly gaining momentum, and, with a final melodious whistle, was lost to view. Thus pass Buck and Slim.

Two hundred miles away a small boy appeared on a busy street corner. Wild-eyed he flew from customer to customer.

"Wuxtry!!!! All about the big bank robbery," he shouted as he ran up to a tall, neatly dressed man.

"How much?" inquired the man hoarsely.

"Two cents here, nickel outa town," answered the "newsie."

"All right, here's a quarter," said the man and disappeared, to the astonishment of the small boy. Finally shaking his head with an air of finality, he resumed his shouting.

Farther up the street the man opened the paper and the headlines caught his eye.

DARING BANK ROBBERY AT DANTON LATE LAST NIGHT.
TWO SUSPECTS HELD.

Late last night the Western Upland Bank was entered and the safe rifled of its contents. Ten thousand dollars is known to have been taken, and also a large amount of revenue stamps.

The safe was blown open, nitro-glycerine being used. The job was evidently the work of a master crook. Two suspects are being held as being implicated. Further details are lacking in the dispatch from Danton.

"Danton, Ohio, is a small town of 3,000 inhabitants, two hundred miles southwest of this city. Although not on the railroad, it has a thriving industry, and a good business section. The Co-operative Sugar Manufacturing Company is there. The larger part of the money taken from the bank was to have been the payroll of this factory.

The whole countryside is up in arms. A later report says that two farmers have cornered a suspect in a patch of woods and a sheriff has been notified to make the arrest."

The tall man folded the paper and chuckled to himself. A broad smile, that sort of faded into wrinkles, illumined his face.

"All ready?" he inquired hoarsely of a short, clean shaven individual who came out of a barber shop, "let's go."

And they went.

—J. Tracy '20.

My Last Duck Hunt

I AM going to tell you about my last trip up the river in quest of ducks. Yes, I'll admit it, before we started this was going to be our first trip up the river in quest of ducks, but we never dreamed that before we should return home we would have sworn to make it our last trip. Again I'll have to repeat that it was that seemingly wonderful phrase "in quest of ducks" that induced us to start out on that seemingly wonderful night. But—far was it from being a wonderful quest for ducks and far less was it from being a wonderful night.

The sun was down before we had finished our preparations and were ready to start. The canoe was securely tied to the launch so Joe, my partner, gave the wheel a turn and with a chug-chug we were off in our quest for ducks. Inwardly both of us felt sorry for the poor ducks we should kill on the morrow but we both were too modest to speak this.

We were very anxious to reach our destination so when I heard Joe suggest that we take a short cut through Straight Slough I readily yelled back that I thought this was a good idea. We had hardly started on this good idea when Bang! and we stopped. Yes, we had only stopped but, when my head hit the side of the launch, I felt sure for a moment that the launch had suddenly taken a notion to go backwards. I collected my thoughts just in time to be too late to take heed of Joe's warning.

"Grab the canoe, quick, quick," I heard Joe excitedly yell.

I leaped for the canoe and grabbed it, but wet was I doomed to get, because of the fact that I had miscalculated and my feet hit the water instead of the rail. I felt Joe pulling me up out of the water and as he pulled I am sure, although I am also sure that Joe used good language usually, that he was using a great many foreign adjectives. But who wouldn't be provoked to profanity in a case like that? Although it was dark we had the pleasure to discern one canoe full of supplies whirl and tip in the rush of the water around the dam.

"Were the blankets in the canoe too?" I asked Joe.

"Yes, and so were the eats," he disgustedly replied.

Well, as the heavens must have thought we were too comfortable and warm freezing to death in that launch with a cold October wind blowing, they decided to send us some rain. And rain it did. We were stuck on a dam with no chance to get off till morning so we proceeded to sleep soundly and comfortably while it rained and rained and we tossed and tossed without a blanket or covering to protect us.

Morning came. This was the morning we were to pity the poor ducks. No, we did not want to kill a one. We were too considerate of the ducks. Our canoe and guns with it were gone but even so, we were the ones who decided we shouldn't kill any of the ducks.

At last we succeeded in getting off the dam and crestfallen the two of us returned home, the ducks were none the worse from our quest, unless perchance a few of them died laughing at us.

—R. HANSON '20.

Diary of a Small Boy

(Age 9.)

JUNE 1. SAT. Vacation has begun. Our cat died last night from fits and I traded it to Jimmy Smith for his nife that has one blade and can cut wood. Ma made me take a bath but I fooled her I splashed the water with my hands and wet my hair and she thought I took a bath.

JUNE 2. SUN. Billy Jones put a tack on Deacon Stones seat and I got blamed and licked and sent to bed without any dinner and we had chicken today. Wait till I catch Billy.

JUNE 3. MON. I got Billy this morning and me and him fought for about 15 minutes. I got one black eye and he got two and a bleeding nose to boot. I met a new kid and his name is Mike Murfey and his father runs a meat shop and has a horse with one eye and a white nose.

JUNE 4. TUES. My cousin Tom came from the city last night and today we went fishing and then swimming, he is a tender foot didn't catch no fish or can't even go bare foot. I ducked him and he told on me and pa said I should come out to the wood shed with him.

JUNE 5. WED. A new girl is visiting next door and her name is Alice. Tommy had some all day suckers and wouldn't give me none and gave her one. First me and my dog Spike were going to run away but we met Mike and Billy and Fred and we went into Deacon Stones patch and swiped some Mush mellons. They weren't ripe and I got sick last night and had to take a spoonful of castor oil.

JUNE 6. THUR. I showed Alice my rabbits and pigeons today and let her hold the one with pink eyes. She let it get away from her and it ran under Jones barn and Spike went under and chased it out the other side and I caught it. Alice was sorry it ran away.

JUNE 7. FRI. I hitched Spike to my cart and had Alice for a ride and we went a ½ block and then Spike he saw a cat and chased it and dumped Alice out and skun her knee. Now she is mad at me and was talking to cousin Tom all day and he even kissed her. I saw him.

JUNE 8. SAT. Tom he had to go home this morning and on the way home from the station I found a dime and me and Alice had a ice cream soda and she ain't mad at me anymore. We played house this afternoon and I was her husband and I kissed her twice. That was one more time than Tommy did even if he was from the city.

—H. KLEINE.

His Sworn Duty

JACKSON TRENT and his younger brother James had come into possession of a large cattle ranch at the time of their parents' death. Jackson had given his solemn promise to protect his brother at all times. In a few years, tired of an uneventful life, he decided to leave James in charge, and join the Ranger Service.

The oath taken on his entry to the Service left little room for doubt as to what his duty was. He had sworn to bring in his man without fail no matter what the odds. Such was the oath taken and every Ranger was expected to abide by it. Thus a year slipped by with the faithful performance of his sworn duty. At times, on furlough, he paid short visits to the ranch.

At this time, more frequently than at others, a series of cattle rustlings and horse stealings was reported. The rangers failed to round up these thieves although they followed the case week in and week out.

Jackson was summoned to report to Captain Delaney.

"Trent," said Captain Delaney, as Jackson entered the office, "these rustlings have got to be stopped. The small ranchers are beginning to complain. It seems that the thieves are protected by some of the bigger ranchers and we can't get a thing on them. I have been watching you for some time and I think that you are the man I want for this little job. Do you think that you can handle the case for us?"

"I'll try my best, sir. I'll look things over for a day or two and if I find anything I'll take a few Rangers and finish up the job."

"All right, Trent, do your best and get the goods on them. That's all."

Late that day Jackson rode away on his lone patrol, turning over and over in his mind his plans for bringing to justice the band of thieves. He would first pay a visit to the ranch and then start out on the rustler's trail. Shortly after twilight, he reached the house and was welcomed by his brother. He stayed but two hours and told his brother about the mission he was on. Bidding him good-bye at the ranch house door, he again mounted and started on his tedious journey under the blanket of stars which the heavens seemed to resemble on that cool, crisp evening.

At the corral gate he stopped in the shadows and watched a group of horsemen ride over the ridge. They soon drew near and he was able to catch a bit of muffled conversation followed by a hearty laugh from the horsemen. He heard the name "Higgins" and "a nice bunch of yearlings," "day after tomorrow," "that young fool James is playing into our hands."

When they had passed, a very puzzled Ranger rode away. What could it mean? James who? There were at least a dozen James's in the district.

Early the following morning Jackson rode over to Captain Delaney's office.

"You certainly haven't a clew already?" asked the Captain as he entered.

"I'm not sure, sir, but I think that we shall learn something before long."

Before dawn the next day, fifteen Rangers stopped within a mile of Dan Higgins' ranch. Just as dawn was breaking, they spurred their mounts forward and headed for a group of mounted men driving before them a drove of cattle. They were soon noticed by the rustlers, for cattle thieves they were, and were fired upon. Abandoning the cattle, the thieves bolted, closely followed by the Rangers. Three rustlers and two Rangers were shot from their horses. The two foremost, better mounted, soon drew away from their pursuers. Leaving the rest of the Rangers to deal with the others, Jackson and another man rode in pursuit. In the firing Jackson's companion was slain, but his slayer promptly went down with a bullet from Jackson's rifle in his back. He steadily gained upon the lone fugitive but did not fire. The horse in the lead soon stumbled and fell, throwing his rider upon his back. Lying with an ugly gash in his head was his own brother James

With the shock of the sight Jackson remembered his promise to protect his brother He also remembered his sworn oath of duty and decided the course to take. Slinging the injured man across the saddle he soon rejoined his comrades. Gathering up the dead and wounded, the Rangers rode back to headquarters.

The trial of the thieves was short and ended with severe sentences for many of the rustlers. There were three prominent ranchers of the neighborhood among these. James Trent received a very short sentence indeed for it was proved that he had been merely a tool of the others.

Jackson Trent declined the offer of a reward and resigned his place among the Rangers to return to the ranch. He was shortly joined by his brother who had served his full term. Jackson's action was followed as an example of faithfulness to a Ranger's sworn duty.

—F. Goltz.

Pilgrim's Progress

(With apologies to John Bunyan.)

AS I went through Winona High School, I came to a place where was a great crowd of students beginning the Journey Through High School and watched them. And lo, I saw a boy with a book in his hand and I saw him read in the book, and as he read, he wept and trembled. And as he went on his way two more students stopped him; one was Failure and the other Laziness.

"Come, Average, come with us," said Laziness.

"Yes," added Failure, who always accompanied Laziness, "let us go on the journey together."

But Average met Bluff. "I will go on your journey with you," said he, so they went on together. Now I saw that after traveling for some distance they drew up to a deep slough, and as they did not heed it, both fell in the bog. The name of the slough was Examination.

Then said Average, "Ah, friend Bluff, where are you now?" But Bluff had gone off and Average saw him no more. Hence Average was left in the Slough of Examination but I saw that a man came to him whose name was Study and asked him what he did there.

"Sir," said Average, "I was come this way with Bluff, but he has gone forth and left me." And Study then gave him his hand and let him go his way.

Now I saw that Average went not forth with none to cheer him, for there was one whose name was Hopeful, who set out with him, and made a grave pact that he would be his friend henceforth.

Now I saw that these two traveled far together and with the help of Study, their friend, they succeeded in vanquishing all their enemies, Tests and Examinations, who set themselves in their path.

And finally they drew near the city of Graduation. At their feet flowed the River of Final Examinations, but together they crossed it and met Diploma, who went with them unto the City which was the goal of Average, the Pilgrim.—D. Curtis.

What is an Optomist?

SAY, Uncle Ben, what is an optimist?"

"A what?"

"Why, an optimist—you know, an o-p-t-i-m-i-s-t."

"Oh, well now, lemme see," and the old sailor settled himself comfortably in his rickety old chair. The two were down at the wharf, their favorite resort.

"Well, an optimist is one who can smile when he gets a ducking in mid-winter. Now that takes a plucky fellow," and the old man threatened to begin another sea yarn.

"But Uncle Ben, 'scuse me, but I don't mean a story, I mean a definition. You see I have to have one for school."

"Well, lemme think. An optimist—hum. I'd say that that was a person who could smile in the face of all odds. I hain't much on definitions, but it 'pears to me that a feller that can weather any squall, unexpected or otherwise, and not give up the ship is a pretty good optimist. You see, to me, we human critters are regular little boats sailing on the sea of life. Some of us are warships, others sailboats, and other rowboats. Life isn't all clear sailing, you know that, and a person has to be pretty cheerful to get through life without making every day a stormy one. The feller that can smile and be game in the teeth of the gale, as it were, and look beyond the white caps and breakers is one of those optimists. Now that's my definition of an optimist, but course, I ain't much on words and such like."

"Thank you very much, Uncle Ben. I'll tell you this afternoon whether it's a good one or not. Good-bye."

—M. Botsford.

Peggy's Ghost

PEGGY O'NEIL was Irish and she had red hair too. So it was no wonder that she lost all control of her fiery temper that day when ten year old Jerry Brown stopped her on the street and said, "So you believe in ghosts, Peggy? ! ! Ha ha. Dont let any of them spooky fellers carry you off. Bet if I lived at your house, I wouldn't let any of them things creep around in it. No, sir, not me. I'd put an end to 'em."

Peggy made her nine year old self as tall as she could and said, "Is that so, Mister Smarty?" and disdainfully walked by him.

Yes, it was true, even in these modern times, a real ghost had walked into Peggy's room and frightened her terribly. Why, she had been so terrified that she couldn't even scream. The white robed creature had walked gropingly about the room, the night before and straight up to her bed. She had hidden her head under the covers then. Finally he had walked out again, grumbling inarticulated sounds. Of course, her parents and little brother Billy laughed heartily when she told her ghost story the next morning at breakfast and it was really surprising how quickly the news of her night's scare had traveled. That was all she had heard—ghosts, ghosts, ghosts, until she was sick and tired of it all. But now the last straw had been reached when her best friend and playmate teased her about it.

"If only that old ghost would come again tonight," she said to herself, "I'd find out what he was." She went on thinking how brave she would be and how ashamed the teasing people would feel when they found that she had grabbed a real ghost and probably killed him.

So that night, before she went to bed she hid one of her mother's hat-pins under her pillow, "in case ghosts were like bad people and had to be hurt before one was quite safe." Time had never gone so slowly before. It was very hard for a little nine year old girl to lie in bed with her eyes open when she felt so much like going to sleep.

"But I've just got to stay awake and catch that ghost," she whispered over and over again; "I won't have people think I'm a coward." Yet sleep overcame her in spite of her efforts and without knowing it.

She had been sleeping quite a while, when all of a sudden she sat up in bed with a

start. Immediately her young mind was awake and active. The same white figure of the night before was walking about in her room. She forgot about her hidden hat-pin and her carefully laid plans. Terror clutched her childist heart but, summoning all her courage, she crept slowly out of bed and made one big rush towards the back of the white figure. She grabbed its arms and pushed it firmly yet tremblingly to the dressing table over which hung the electric light. The figure moved willingly and it was just a minute before Peggy found the light and was looking into the face of her captive. "Billy! Little Brother Billy? !" Yes, the ghost was really Billy and he was walking in his sleep with his eyes tightly closed. Peggy breathed a sigh of relief. She remembered that it was bad to awaken a sleep-walker too suddenly, so she walked the little fellow gently back to his own room and lifted him onto his bed. Then she shook him.

"Oh," cried Billy, "le' be 'lone, I'm sleepy."

"I want you to wake up," said Peggy.

Then her parents, awakened by the talking, came hurrying in the room. "I've found out who the ghost is," said Peggy. "It's Billy; he was walking in his sleep."

It was surprising how quickly the new ghost story traveled. The next day, after school Jerry Brown came up to Peggy, rather shamefacedly and said, "Hope you aren't mad, Peggy. Honest, I think you're the bravest girl I know." Peggy's answer was a very sweet smile and together they walked home from school.

—H. Trawicky.

A Mountain Scheme

AFTER an hour's driving, the wagon that had brought the Jones family from the little railroad station in the mountains stopped at a farmhouse that appeared ready to collapse from decay. It had not been painted in years, many of the window panes were broken and several holes could be seen in the battered shingle roof. There was no grass and only one or two trees on the grounds surrounding the neglected building and the only sign of life about the place was a hungry looking dog that put up his head and howled mournfully as the wagon drove up. As the driver, an old farmer, got off the wagon and appeared to be unharnessing the horses, Jones was the first to get over his astonishment.

"Say, what sort of game is this you are trying to play on us?" he angrily demanded.

"What d'ye mean?" quietly asked the farmer.

"What do I mean, sir! Why this circular describes a vastly different place than this. Where are the shaded lawns, the stately elms, the—"

"John," cut in Mrs. Jones, with a sob, "I—I wouldn't stay a night in that house for a million dollars. It—it looks as though it were haunted."

"Of course, we won't," said her husband. "You're dealing, sir, with a New York business man, not with some hayseed."

"Where's the tennis court, father?" wailed young Jones, who had brought several rackets with him.

"And the croquet grounds," asked Miss Jones, as she wiped the tears from her eyes.

The farmer made no reply for a time. He had evidently been adjusting the harness, for he soon returned to his seat and he started the horses again.

"You city folks allus jump tor conclushuns the fust thing. Now if ye'll gi' me a chanct, I'll git yer to the Pansy Farm House in a dozen jerks. It's a leetle down the road."

A sigh of relief went up from the Jones family that could have been heard a half mile away and when they reached their destination, although the place did not come up to the description and looked rather in need of repairs, it struck them as being superior to anything in the mountains.

Jones had almost forgotten the incident when a day or two later he overheard the farmer remark to his wife:

"By gum, ma, but that scheme o' mine o' stoppin' down by Perkinses old shanty, purtendin' to unhitch works like a charm. The city folks was allus kickin' but they 'pear so glad to git here now that ye kin feed 'em on 'taters and 'lasses and it's all right. I orter been in the gold brick bizness 'stead o' wastin' my time up here."

—A. Bechter.

The Best Person in Our School

IT was not until Spring Vacation that I realized who was the best person in our school. I became acquainted with him when I was washing the windows at High School. Mr. Blank, the janitor, is the person of whom I am speaking. He may not be a shark at Mathematics nor a whale at Latin, but he has a most wonderful personality. Did you ever stop to think who it was that cleans out the tiny bits of torn up notes and papers that you leave in your desk? Who keeps the floors swept? Have you ever come to school and found the rooms cold? There are some people in the school that we could easily get along without, but what would we do without Mr. Blank? So here's to the best man in our school—the man who spends his time cheerfully doing things for others.

—R. MAXWELL.

The Hall Stairs Mystery

ONE evening after reading a Sherlock Holmes story, I looked cautiously about the room and retired. I quickly went to sleep but was awakened by a slow, scratchy noise which seemed to come from the hall stairs. It was a queer, unearthly noise coming at intervals, as if someone were taking a few steps at a time coming up the stairs. I was still under the influence of the story I had read in the evening and I crawled back in bed and listened as the burglar or murderer made his way up the stairs. The cold sweat stood on my brow and at every step of the intruder my heart seemed to jump a mile. I clenched my fists and breathlessly awaited his coming.

I lay there for a few minutes more and at last could stand the suspense no longer. I decided I would put an end to this person or perhaps capture him and receive a reward. I had read stories of criminals being fooled by various devises, so taking a cap-pistol in one hand and clenching a boot in the other, I advanced stealthily to the top of the stairs. Gathering all the strength I could summon, I shouted, "Hands Up!"

My heart was now pounding like a huge pump and my nerves were set on edge. I listened and soon heard the weird, grotesque noise now coming from the bathroom.

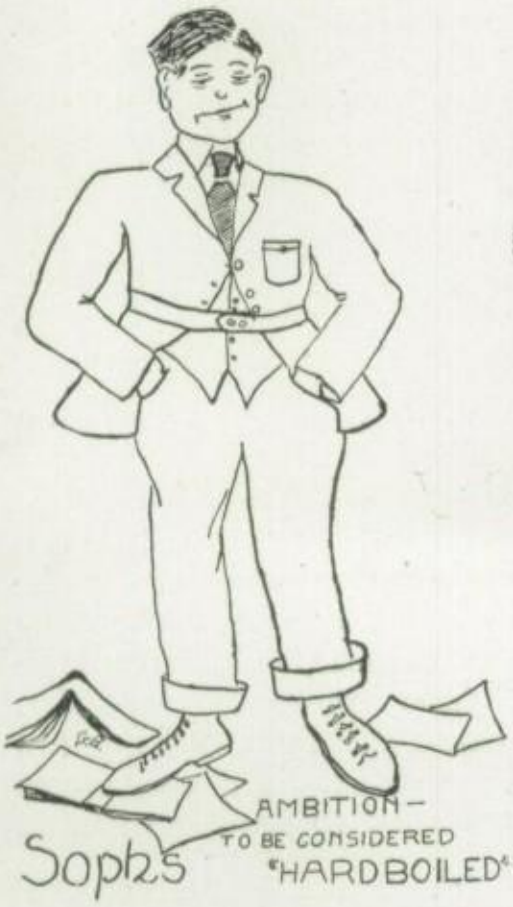
The moon was shining very dimly and through the half open door I saw a shadow move back and forth and I said to myself, "He is getting ready to jump on me."

I raised the heavy boot and putting all the energy behind it that I had, I threw it through the door. I heard, not a dull thud and groan as I expected, but the sound of breaking glass.

I switched on the lights and rushed madly into the bathroom where I saw—not a man, but the curtain beating back and forth against the sill. The window had been left open to dry some paint, which had been put on in the afternoon and a slight breeze was blowing the curtain.

I looked in the direction that the boot had wended its way and saw a hole in the lower window. I gave a harsh laugh of remorse and anger and went back to bed none the worse for my adventure except a bill from the carpenter a week later.

—J. TILLMAN.


Soph's
AMBITION—
TO BE CONSIDERED
"HARD BOILED"

-SPINACH-
Freshies

Days of Puppy Love
Juniors

AFTER THREE YEARS OF FUN
Seniors

Miss K—Now I'm not angry? You are certainly the???

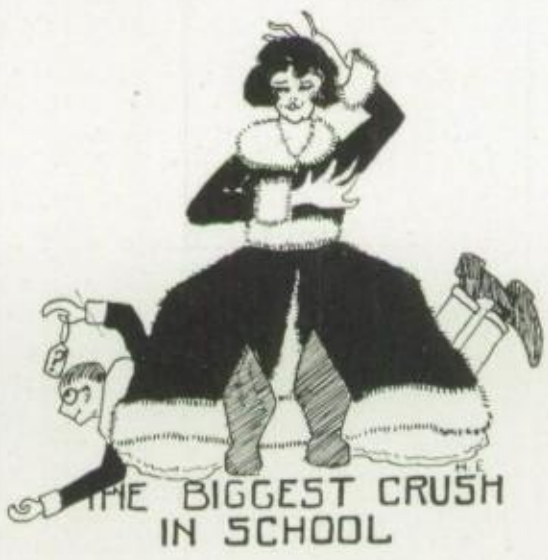
?!?!
WHEN MISSH. ASKED H.J. WHY HE DIDN'T USE THE TOP OF HIS HEAD HE WAS UP A TREE

In the hall looking glass
If Freshie enrolled on Jinx Day what would he think?

UP SETTING EXERCISE

SETTING UP EXERCISE

NO MATTER WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY CHEEK to CHEEK IS THE MOST TOUCHING WAY


THE BIGGEST CRUSH IN SCHOOL

AINT IT WUNNER FUL, ES.?"

THE HILLS

As I stand gazing at the hills
  Serene and calm against the sky,
I feel a call within me
  And I heed it with a sigh.

To the fragrant woods I wander
  Where the oak, the birch, and the ash,
Their inviting shadows offer
  And the birds in the sun do bask.

And there dull care is driv'n away
  As I listen to birds and flowers;
I gather inspiration there
  To brighten many lonely hours.

—R. VOELKER '20.

TWILIGHT

The birds had ceased their twittering,
  And the sun had gone to rest;
While the delicate colors of sunset
  Were fading in the west.

The outlines of a quaint, old farmhouse,
  Settled on a distant hill,
Made a very restful picture
  With its background pale and still.

The cool breeze of the evening,
  That refreshes the weary souls
Was sweeping o'er the plains,
  Through the woods, and past the knolls.

It carried the scent of sweet clover,
  Its perfumes to wild flow'rs belong.
It bore the clear notes of the nightingale,
  And the whippoorwill's mournful song.

There's a little light here, and a twinkle there,
  The fireflies are tending their duty,
And the croaking frogs and chirping crickets
  Only add to the twilight's beauty.

Now a little star appears in the west
  And another glows near by,
Till at last the sky is a deep, dark blue,
  Full of fires that shine on high.

—M. MILLAM '20.

IF — A DREAM

If I sailed up into the sky some night,
To drink from the Milky Way;
And supped and supped 'till I drank it dry
What would the Little Bear say?

If I traveled around to see the sights
(As people do alway)
And sat down to rest in the Broken Chair
Why, what would the Little Bear say?

If I grew sleepy as aught I would
And my head on a billowy cloud I lay
And the Big Bear growled and woke me up,
Then, what would the Little Bear say?

—L. Frasier '20.

ON BURKE'S "CONCILIATION"

Oh Burke! long resting soul,
Why in life's short span
Did you aspire to things so great
And be a pest to man?

Your thoughts so noble and so great
You left to all behind.
Those thoughts so treasured and so deep,
Are driving students blind.

The oil of midnight many burn,
To get your meaning clear.
A perfect bit of literature,
And to the teachers dear.

"Conciliation" on my desk,
And in my mind and eye.
"Conciliation" everywhere,
For good deeds never die.

—Daisy Fenstermacher '20.

WORK

It isn't the work we intended to do,
Nor the work we've just begun
That puts us right on the ledger sheet:
It's the work we've really done.

Our credit is built on the things we do,
Our debits on things we shirk;
The man who totals the biggest plus
Is the man who completes his work.

—C. Gernes 21.

SPRING MILLINERY

Mother Nature's busy trimming
  Lavishly her big spring bonnet;
There'll be miles of grass green ribbons
  And millions of flowers on it.

So if daughter wants a bonnet
  With roses and a bit of lace,
Pay it gladly and be thankful
  You're not in Father Nature's place.

—R. Hoefs '22.

JINX DAY

Of all celebrations, all Jinx day's the best
We've found by comparing it beats all the rest.
All rules laid before hand must be observed
And ill-mannered Jinx men must have voices curbed.
They entered the building by two's and by three's,
With costumes according from ankles to knees;
The head-dress they wore, if any at all,
Ranged from summer and winter, from spring and from fall.
There were none in the band that looked like himself,
They dressed up as farmer, as child, or as elf;
The teachers all joined in the midst of the fray,
And came to school dressed in all sorts of array;
The lessons went on though little they gleaned
Of wisdom and knowledge, in studies they feigned.
The thing was a scream, you could tell at a glance,
And they wound up the day with a monstrous snake dance.

—H. Protz '20.

ADVICE

(With apologies to W. C. Bryant.)

So study that when thy marks come out,
On the oft-failing report cards that come
From that mysterious realm
Where each receives his due from the silent halls of Fate,
Thou faint not, like the stricken student of yore,
Scourged by his shame, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering faith, approach report card time
Like one who wraps the draperies of his self-esteem
About him and goes forth to meet his "A's."

—D. Curtis.'20.

POETRY

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams,
Of the wonderful spelling test,
And the stars never rise but I see L's and Y's
Of that marvelous spelling test.
And so, all the night tide I see along one side
Of my paper, my paper, my hope and my pride,
A number of checks there for me,
A number too many for me.

—E. Streater '20.

MY CARD

My heart leaps up when I don't see
Upon my card, one solitary E.
So was it when I started High,
So is it now, to graduation nigh;
And so must it be or I do fear
That in this High I'll spend another year.
—R. HANSON '20.

MY LATIN

Oh! my Latin, how I love you,
You are the source of my delight.
I read you in the morning,
I read you in the night.

Some day I'll have to leave you,
I'll have you then no more,
But I'll love you just as much,
As I ever did before.

The time when I am most sincere
Is when we have a test,
I'll tell this whole big world!
That's when I love you best.
—JEANNE GILLETTE '22.

BASKETBALL RHYMES

Old Captain Kuba
Was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he!
He called for his forwards
And he called for his guard
He made a gain of many a yard.

Hey diddle diddle with Huck in the middle
Our team plays a mighty good game.
The rooters laugh to see such sport
And our High School rises to fame.

Richie, Richie, Maxwell's Son,
Stole the ball and the way he run,
Someone went after him, but what's the use,
He shot for a basket and a score did produce.

Prosser, Prosser, ran after the ball,
Prosser, Prosser, had a great fall,
Yet with all of their forces and all of their men
Babe jumped up and got the ball again.

Streater is the other man on our team
And he is so wondrous wise
That he stands up under our basket
And knocks down all the other guys.
—G. COLLINS '21.

POETRY

When I get up in the morning
At a quarter after six,
I think of all my furnaces
And the fires I have to fix.
When I come home from school at noon,
For to feed my little self,
My thoughts go back to my fires
And my books upon the shelf.
At evening when the day is done
I may calmly make the rounds,
Then to the table I adjourn
Where food in plenty abounds.

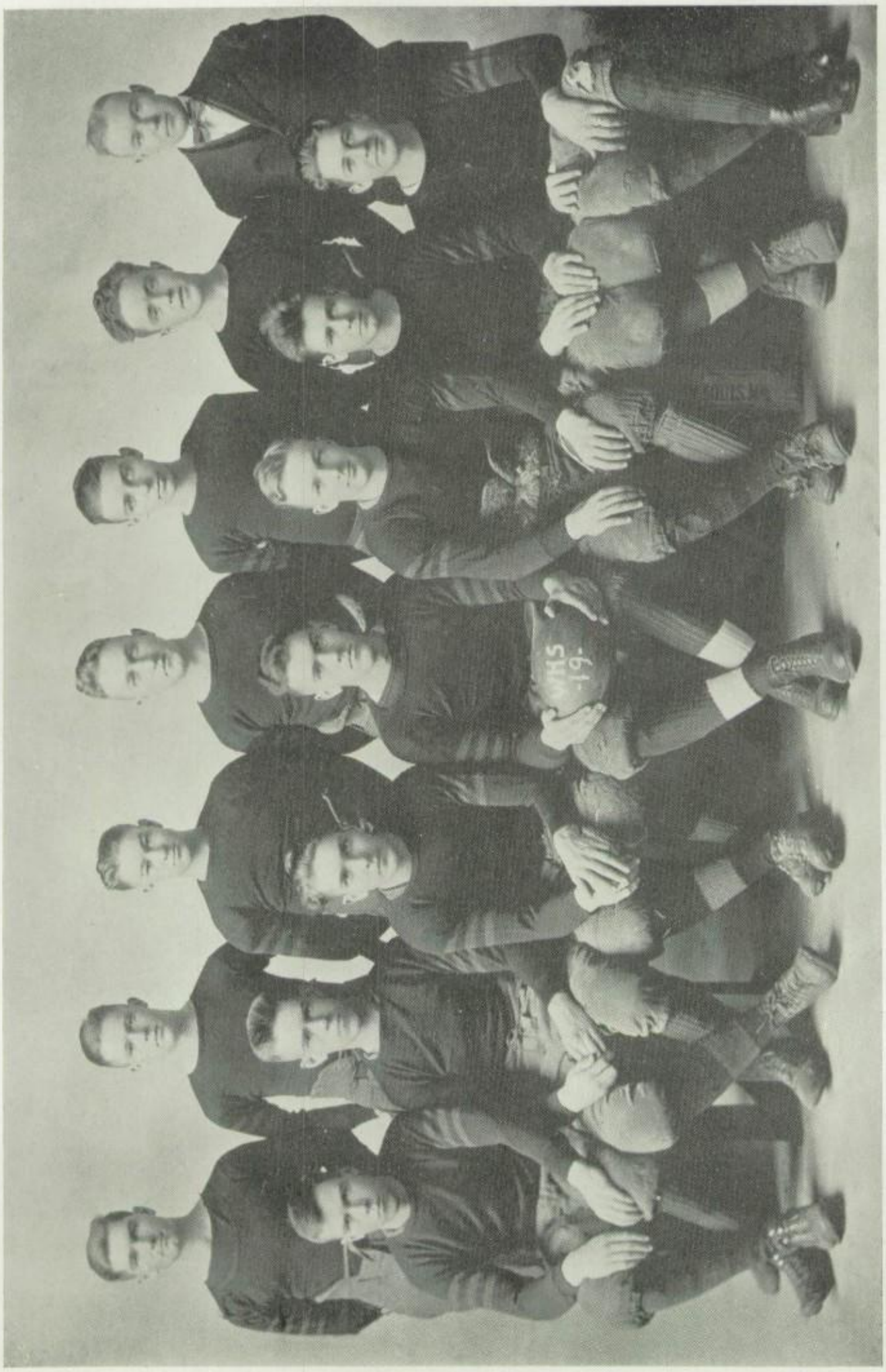
—H. E. PARKS '20.

HOW ABOUT IT?

It was so very, very late,
On an early cool March night,
The stars were out, the birds were in,
But Oh! that sweet moonlight.
The bold malicious Juniors
Came creeping down the street,
Some were on their hands and knees,
Too big and noisy were their feet.
But all at once a shout
Arose from out them all,
And they all started rushing
Up towards the High School wall.
Alas, the awful tricks they played,
It makes the Seniors sad
To see these poor prospective
Seniors seem so bad.
"No matter what the Seniors think,"
The haughty Juniors said,
"We'll show 'em that we're not so slow;
They say we're dull as lead."
With yellow paint they daubed the doors,
They drew a cart up to the portals
Which bore an epitaph like this,
"Beware to Senior mortals."
All right for you now, Juniors,
You'll soon be Seniors too,
And then we lower classmen
Will show you what to do.

—A SOPHOMORE.

ATHLETICS



Football

IN the early part of the season the possibility of a winning team for 1919 loomed bright, as forty aspirants took the field, and among them the veterans Prosser, Pellowski, Arndt, Tracy, Mitchell and Risser.

Ernest Blair, the captain elect, having left school, the team was without a pilot, but this position was soon filled by Prosser who also held that position in 1917.

Mr. M. L. Schmidt, who took the responsibility of developing a team, soon organized the men into a fast, nervy body. Though the record of the team does not seem very good, it must be considered that three of our stellar performers were out of most of the games, Capt. Prosser, Pellowski and Tracy; the team as a whole was light and played against teams that clearly out-weighed it. So the season cannot be considered as a failure.

The prospects of a next year team are unusually promising, several veterans of this season will return and other big fellows have promised to come out. Roy Nelson, who played the position of guard this season, will captain the team.

Coach Schmidt, who developed this team, is to be praised for his time and hard work spent in coaching, also for what he accomplished.

THE TEAM

Capt. Prosser, Kropp	F. B.
Maxwell, Kubricht	R. H.
Pellowski, Mitchell	L. H.
Nelson	R. G.
Parks	L. G.
Posz	L. T.
Risser	R. T.
Mitchell, Keyes	L. E.
Tracy, Ruhnke	R. E.
Gross	C.

GAMES PLAYED

Sparta	18	W. H. S.	3
La Crosse	27	W. H. S.	0
Lake City	0	W. H. S.	0
Rushford	0	W. H. S.	33
Hastings	13	W. H. S.	6
Red Wing	61	W. H. S.	0
Normals	6	W. H. S.	0

1920

Basketball

COACH ROWEN succeeded this year in putting out one of the best teams in the history of the school. Never before was any form of athletics supported as Basketball was this year. The "Y" gym was filled to its utmost capacity at every game, and it was this support and the splendid coaching of Mr. Rowen that put the "punch" and life into the team that it certainly showed this year.

There was but one veteran player, Captain Pellowski; the rest of the team was raw material which Rowen put into condition. We lost games to but one town, Red Wing, and they defeated us at home and at Red Wing.

The last game played here was one that the school will never forget. The team played a wonderful game and luck alone kept us from winning it. The final score was 16 to 13 in favor of Red Wing. In the last half of the game the Orange and Black came back strong, putting up a fight which was unsurpassed. The team overcame the lead and the whistle alone saved Red Wing from defeat.

Red Wing later won the State Championship and went to Madison to play for the championship of the Northwest, but was eliminated in the second game.

THE TEAM

HUCK	Center
PROSSER	L. F.
PELLOWSKI (CAPT.)	R. G.
MAXWELL	R. F.
STREATER	L. G.

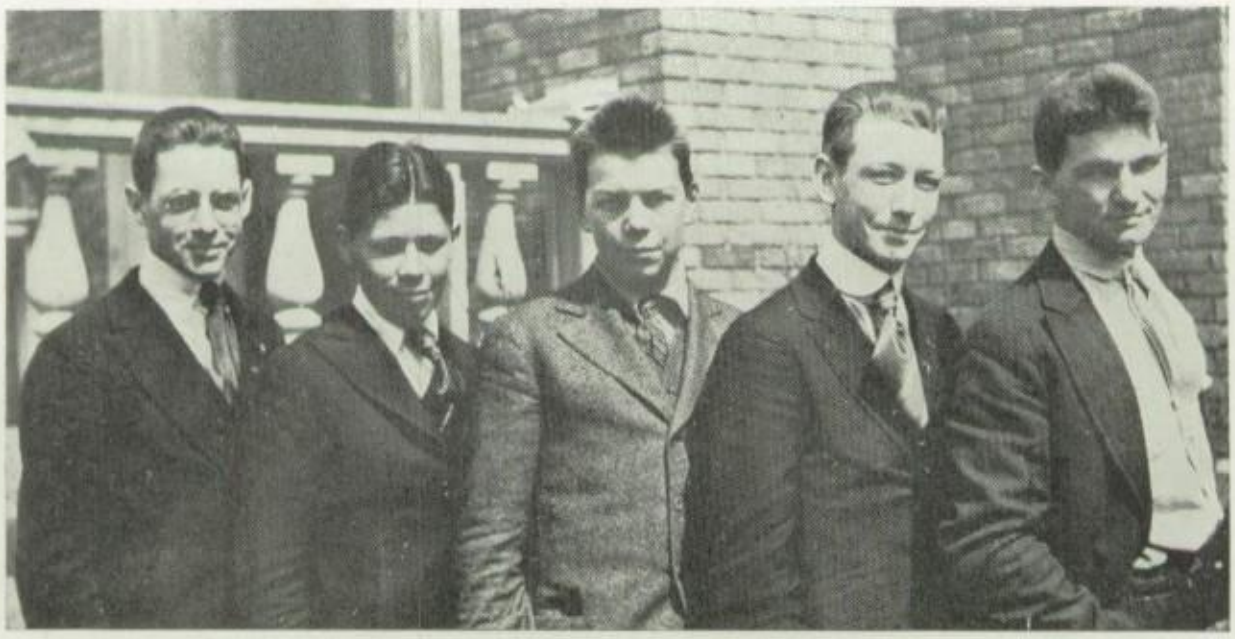
SUBS

NELSON RISSER

GAMES

Caledonia 6	W. H. S. 29
Hastings 22	W. H. S. 23
Red Wing 18	W. H. S. 10
Wabasha 6	W. H. S. 37
Caledonia 25	W. H. S. 27
Wabasha 25	W. H. S. 37
Hastings 12	W. H. S. 31
Chatfield 18	W. H. S. 37
Red Wing 16	W. H. S. 13

Girls' Basketball Team



Sophomore Boys' Basketball Team

INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL

Mr. Mumm, Physical Director of the Young Men's Christian Association, who is greatly interested in High School Athletics, suggested that a basketball tournament be held between the different classes. Consequently, a series of snappy and spirited games were played.

The result of the tournament was a victory of the Sophomores over the Seniors and Freshmen. This was a surprise to the whole school, as popular opinion predicted the unquestionable victory of either of the upper classes.

The standings of the different teams were as follows: Sophomores first, Seniors and Freshmen tied for second, and Juniors last.

INTER-CLASS TRACK MEET

The lively spirit shown in the basketball tournament encouraged Mr. Mumm to stage an indoor track meet. To help the project along, Mr. Beinhorn donated a trophy which was to be awarded to the winner.

The Basketball season being over, all eyes were turned to this event. At the captain's call for volunteers, about sixty fellows turned out to try for their respective teams. Class spirit ran high throughout the school.

The night of the "Meet" about four hundred students filled the gym to witness the contest. The closely watched teams of all classes made the match one of intense excitement. The final showed the Seniors the victors by a slight majority.

INDOOR BASEBALL

Class spirit in Athletics is now one of the most important characteristics of the school. The basketball and indoor track tournaments having turned out so successfully, encouraged the four classes to put on another tournament, this time in the shape of Indoor Baseball.

The Sophomores and Seniors each having won a meet, the Juniors determined to even things by taking the championship of this event. In the elimination games, the Freshmen were defeated by the "Sophs" and the Seniors by the Juniors. In the finals, the Juniors lived up to their ambition and won the tournament by a victory over the "Sophs." The final standing was as follows: Juniors first, Sophomores second, Seniors and Freshmen last.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Little has been said in school about the girls' basketball team, nevertheless, the school is proud of it. The girls organized their own team on their own initiative, which shows good "pep" and school spirit. Miss Gertrude Macomber, physical director of the Y. W. C. A., coached about fifteen girls, including the regular team, at the gym of the Y. W. C. A. every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday afternoon.

The team made a very good record, considering that it was a new team and had very little experience. Their success was partly due to the good captain, Dorothy Rohweder, and the clever manager, Ethel Bassey. Besides the regular games, the Junior girls played the Senior girls in a game which the Juniors won.

RECORD OF THE GAMES

High School	15	Cathedral	16
High School	17	Normal First Team	17
High School	16	Y. W. C. A.	23
Seniors	5	Juniors	10

O. J. Rowen

Physical training has been recognized as a necesary adjunct to every day life. The Government saw the necessity of physical education and introduced into the army and navy athletics in all its forms. Basketball was, next to baseball, the most popular of the organized team games played in the army.

In athletic games the big thing is not always to win but to play the game fairly and squarely, and with the best that's in you.

The expression of this thought is brought out in a splendid manner in the poem entitled "The Best You Had."

THE BEST YOU HAD

"Did you fail in the race?
Did you faint in the spurt
Where the hot dust choked and burned?
Did you breast the tape midst the flying dirt
That the leader's spikes had spurned?
Did you do your best—
Oh, I know you lost. I know that your time was bad.
But the game is not in the winning, lad,
Is in taking your licking and grinning, lad,
If you gave them the best you had.
Did your tackle fall short?
Mid the runner flash by
With the score that won the game?
Did it break your heart when you missed the try?
Did you choke with the hurt and shame?
If you did your best—
Oh, I know the score; I followed you all the way through.
And that is why I am saying, lad,
That the best of the fight is the staying, lad,
And the best of all games is the playing, lad,
If you give them the best in you."

—Nelson Robins.

"Clean athletics constitutes one of the greatest factors in developing American men and women to win and lose with the true sportsmanlike spirit. Winona has won, Winona has lost, but with a continuance of the Winona spirit next year should bring that 'Glorious feelin' ' of winning.'

M. L. Schmidt

BETWEEN HALF STUNTS

The Between Half Stunts had proved so popular last year that the Boosters decided to follow the same path and have stunts for the present year. The purpose of these stunts was to relieve the tension of the game and to cheer the losing team during the necessary intermission. William Manley and John Tracy were the directors and under their supervision many clever stunts were put on.

The stunts included performances of all kinds ranging from a banjo concert to a three ring circus. The climax of the stunts was held at the Red Wing game which was the last game of the season. This was put on in forms of a movie star parade, a prize fight, several races and many amusements of the modern world. It is hoped that the same enthusiasm will be displayed the following year.

TRACK

Track is again ranking one of the foremost of High School Athletics. The spirit raised by the recent indoor track meet, in which a lot of fine material was discovered, stimulated the desire for an outdoor track team.

Mr. Mumm of the Y. M. C. A., who had charge of the Indoor Tournament, has kindly consented to coach a track team, so we can be sure that the Winona High will have one of the best teams in Southern Minnesota. This Track team will have an opportunity to prove its worth in the Inter-Scholastic Track Meet for High Schools in Southern Minnesota, to be held here May 15th under the supervision of the Winona State Normal.

The events proposed are: javelin throw, discus throw, shot put, pole vault, high jump, running broad jump, 100, 220, 440 and 880 yard dashes, 120 and 220 yard low and high hurdles, one mile race, and one-half mile relay race.

James Gross, who was Captain of the Junior Indoor Track Team, was elected captain of this Outdoor Track Team, and with the assistance of Heise, Clausen, Keyes, Maxwell, Vondrashek, Hassinger, Burns, Kubricht, Pellowski, Prosser, Craig, Stuhr, Huck, Collins, Risser and Tracy, we may expect a team that will make the High School proud, and if they make a good showing at this meet the school will send a team up to Carleton on the 19th of May and probably one up to the University of Minnesota.

"W" MEN

It is customary in High School to give W's to all players who have played in three full games of football or basketball. This year there was a great deal of competition for each team, so it is a real honor to be called a letter man of 19 and 20. The football men who were able to hold their positions for the required three games are, Capt. Prosser, James Pellowski, George Arndt, Richard Maxwell, Ignatius Kubricht, Sherman Mitchell, John Tracy, James Gross, Roy Nelson, Harold Parks, Carl Posz, Royal Risser, Harold Kropp and Capt. Pellowski.

The basketball players who received their monograms are, Capt. Pellowski, Harold Prosser, Richard Maxwell, George Huck, and Edward Streater.

These men are the ones who upheld the honor of the school, and should be given due praise for their splendid work.

MASS MEETINGS

The enthusiasm of the school has been shown and also created at the successful mass meetings which have been held before the football and basketball games. The success of these meetings was due to the fact that everyone turned out with the right sort of school spirit.

The general mass meeting, held at the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium, was a fitting climax of the year. It was held to stir up "pep" and enthusiasm for the coming game with Red Wing and to create interest for the Indoor Track Meet. About seven hundred students filled the gymnasium. Inspiring talks were given by Rev. Keller, Mr. Steer and Coach Rowen. The cheer leaders led in the high school yells and the response demonstrated that the meeting was a success.

GET A BUSHEL BASKET, BABE

PORTRAIT OF A WELL KNOWN PROFFESSOR

PREVAILING STYLES

– Jinx Day Episode

FAKE EXCUSES FRIDAY PM

Freshmen not allowed to speed kiddie cars in the halls

Booster's Club

THE Booster's Club has had one of the most successful years in its history. At the beginning of the school year the club elected officers and owing to the large membership, divided into four groups the Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, which worked together.

The object of this club has been to arouse school spirit. Mass meetings were held each week before the approaching game and the enthusiasm displayed there encouraged the players and helped them to put up a fight that won Winona High School many a game.

Class competition was another thing started by the Boosters and this aroused so much "pep" that it was necessary to make rules and regulations. Altogether the club has succeeded in stimulating school spirit and it is hoped that it may continue to do so the following year.

Jinx Day

THE most popular day of the past school year was Friday, March 12th, otherwise known as Jinx Day.

The idea of this day of gaiety originated in the Sophomore Room and after consideration by the Faculty, it was decided to have this Jinx Day on the day before the Red Wing basketball game.

The students were enthusiastic about the idea and responded in true fashion which would frighten away the Jinx of bad luck, which might influence the game the following day. Other day costumes ranged from kindergarten children to feeble old men and women, from outlaws to policemen, from tramps to dukes, and from dresses back in the early eighties to exaggerated dresses of modern times.

Although the students were dressed in this manner it did not influence the school work. Lessons went on as usual and the day was fittingly closed by a snake dance in the business section of the city.

It is thought that a similar Jinx Day will be held every year.

Miss Mary R. McCutcheon offered five dollars in prizes for the three best stories published in THE RADIOGRAPH. The first prize was $2.50, second $1.50, and third $1.00. The winners of the prizes were:

First—"Spring Evening" ..... JOHN TRACY
Second—"Peggy's Ghost" ..... HELEN TRAWICKY
Third—"The Best Person in Our School" ..... RICHARD MAXWELL

THE RADIOGRAPH Staff wishes to take this opportunity to express its appreciation to Miss McCutcheon for the stimulus she gave to the literary department.

THE OVERALLS CLUB

WINONA HIGH SCHOOL has always recognized any progressive movement without hesitation. Lately during the agitation concerning the high cost of clothes an Overalls Club was formed in the Winona High. In two days half of the boys of the school had enlisted in this union of overalls and old clothes.

A week later the girls organized and aprons and old dresses are doing their share in fighting the H. C. L.

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL CLUB

AGENDA CLUB

Girls' High School Club

President ..... Helen Trawicky
Vice President ..... Glorein Fruetel
Treasurer ..... Margaret Millam
Secretary ..... Fay Ellison
Chairman Program Committee ..... Margaret Tainter
Chairman Service Committee ..... Gertrude Spiering
Chairman Membership Committee ..... Esther Luedtke
Chairman Social Committee ..... Lolita Seeman

The Girls' High School Club, made up of about ninety High School girls, has proved to be one of the most popular organizations. Meetings are held on the second and fourth Wednesdays of the school months at 5 o'clock at the Y. W. C. A. Administration Building. The Club works till 6 o'clock on any helpful work they can do and then a supper is served. After this a talk on some interesting subject is given or some stunts are carried out. A vocational conference was held in February and most interesting talks were given by local people on all professions open to girls. The Club has also given several successful parties.

The Agenda Club

THE Agenda Club is one of the oldest of the High School clubs. Its motto, "Agenda," means "Things to be Done." This may be accomplished by rendering service to our friends, our school, the city, and the nation. This year is no exception, and we have, as in the past, given expression to our motto by aiding in the War Savings, Near East Drive, and Inter-Church Survey.

Perhaps the most important function during the last year has been the supervision of the "Weekly High School Lunches." During the first part of the season the customary 6 o'clock dinners were served to from thirty to fifty boys. Because it was inconvenient for a number of fellows to attend at this time, the committee arranged for "The Midweek Lunch" which was held at 12 o'clock at the Y. M. C. A. This not only proved to be a popular "get-together," but also provided an opportunity for a greater attendance, which ranged from 40 to 75.

In addition to the lunch, a very popular part of the program was made up of addresses by men of local and state prominence, including R. C. Coffin, Assistant State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.; O. M. Dickerson, President of the Moorhead Normal School; Capt. J. D. Burke; Rev. G. S. Kellar; S. A. Boyd; F. L. Steer; and F. H. Mumm.

In appreciation of his work in aiding the club toward success in its ideals and work, the club has elected E. A. Lockman, Boys' Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., as advisory member and leader.

The Agenda closed its season with the annual banquet on May 13, 1920. At this time officers were elected for the semester beginning September, 1920. A number of new members were formally initiated at this meeting.

Dramatic Club

Spanish Club

Eta Sigma Delta

THE Eta Sigma Delta was organized early in the Spring. It contains twelve charter members but provisions were made for an ultimate membership of thirty.

President.....Harold Workman
Vice President...Elizabeth Shackell
Secretary.....Lolita Seeman
Treasurer.....Robert Burns
Faculty Member.Mrs. Rose Spencer.

The purpose of the club is to gain a more appreciative and intelligent understanding of the drama.

"The problem of every speaker before an audience is to present his ideas clearly and forcibly," but the problems of the amateur members are not to twist holes in the side of their clothes with their fingers, and not to give the impression that they are home on a vacation from schools of stammering and stuttering. In all, our meagre beginning has been very beneficial. We, the members of the Eta Sigma Delta, feel that we have at least laid a foundation for a dramatic club.

You can never tell, perhaps this work will transform trembling knees into the stability of Hercules, and pale, ghostly meins into courageous, magnetic, smiling personalities. Look at Demosthenes who learned to speak with pebbles in his mouth. "Nothing is impossible to the willing mind."

EL CIRCULO HISPANICO

On March 17, 1920, the students of the Spanish classes organized a club, El Circulo Hispanico. Its purpose is to create an active interest in the study of Spanish, and encourage the natural use of that language in both written and spoken practice. The programs are, as far as possible, conducted in Spanish and consist of readings, short skits, Spanish conversation and Spanish games.

The present officers are:

President.....Edward Streator
Vice President.....Archie Miller
Secretary.....Mayme Wershofen
Faculty Advisor.....Loretta Herrmann

GLEE CLUB

ORCHESTRA

Mixed Glee Club

President ..... Rudy Sebo
Vice President ..... Hazel Norton
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Iva Fugina
Sergeant at Arms ..... John Tracy
Official Accompanist ..... Arnold Schultz

THE Mixed Glee Club organized by Miss Kissling has proved a great success. The Club consists of thirty members. Meetings are held every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock at the High School and songs are practiced under the direction of Miss Kissling. The Club sang several splendid selections at the January Graduation Exercises and is now at work on the Cantata to be given in May and songs for Commencement in June. The Club has also enjoyed several social features.

High School Orchestra

The orchestra was organized at the beginning of the basketball season to furnish entertainment at the games but the leader, Mr. G. A. Walters, was so impressed with the material presented that the organization was continued and only the better class of music was practiced at the rehearsals.

The spirit of the members has been enthusiastic and loyal from the start, some foregoing the pleasure or profit which might be gained from playing commercially or with the larger organizations in order to build up an orchestra in which the school might take pride.

It has at present seven members: Henry Engles, Robert Leicht, Carl Gernes and Alfred La France, violinists; the leader; the cellist; Leslie Haverland, cornetist; and Dorothy Engles, pianist. A number who were not able to join at the time of its organization have expressed a desire to join in the future when obstacles are removed. Equipment, especially drums, is lacking at present.

Mention has been made of the work the orchestra has undertaken.

The following program was given at General Assembly May 10, 1920:

Melody of Love ..... *Englemann*
Love and Roses ..... *Czibulka-Dauzet*
O Sole Mio ..... *De Capua*
Moment Musical ..... *Schubert*

The orchestra has made a public appearance at all the basketball games and at a large mass meeting at which time the students' demand for jazz was met, to be in keeping with the spirit of the moment. It also played the school songs at this time.

With the start that the orchestra has, it is hoped that the organization will not die with the graduation of one of its number and the resignation of its leader, but will be continued and enlarged and made more useful.

BOARD OF CONTROL

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Board of Control

THE Board of Control is an organization for the control of expenditure of all moneys obtained by any group or organization operating under the name of the Winona High School.

It consists of a representative from each class of the Senior and Junior Schools, four faculty members and the Principal of the Senior High ex-officio. In the Fall, a group of representative pupils from each class is chosen by a faculty committee appointed by the Principal. This is presented to the class and from it is elected the board of control member. The Principal appoints the faculty members.

Immediately after the election the board meets for organization. The officers are the President, Vice President, Secretary, which shall be student members, and Treasurer, which shall be a faculty member. The officers this year are President, Sherman Mitchell (Senior), Vice President, James Pierce (Sophomore), Secretary, Roy Nelson (Junior), and Treasurer, Mr. Rowen.

The organization of such a board seemed advisable so that the student body might be able to make known through their representatives their wants and needs. It is the policy of the board to direct the expenditure of money for the particular group which earned it as far as possible. The lack of equipment for basketball and football has frequently kept much good material from coming out for practice. It is hoped that eventually there will be sufficient money in the treasury to furnish all this material.

Since this board has come into being the financial condition of the High School, the school has been stronger than for many years past.

The Class of 1921 was organized at the beginning of the Junior year. The offices elected were:

President.....Donald Ruhnke
Vice President.....Rebecca Prentiss
Secretary and Treasurer.....Martha Botsford

GIRLS' COMMERCIAL CLUB

President.....Winifred Goetz
Vice President.....Ada Gibbs
Secretary.....Helen Protz

Sales Women.
Social Committee.
Routing Committee.
Program Committee.

The Girls Commercial Club, an organization formed the past year, has proved very helpful to the students. The purpose of the Club has been to promote friendship and efficiency among the Commercial students of the Winona High School. The meetings have been held every other Tuesday at the Winona High School at 3:35. The programs have consisted of talks by different women in the business world and the reading and discussion of papers received from influential business houses on "Girls' Problems in the Business World." An informal dance and a picnic comprised the social features of the Club.

CHEMISTRY CLUB

The Chemistry Club is composed of seven high school boys who are interested in making chemical experiments. The members have well equipped chemical laboratories where the weekly meetings are held. At each meeting after a short business session, four or five experiments are performed by the host. Mr. P. C. Myers is an honorary member of the club and under his direction the members have many opportunities to prepare for more intensive work in the chemical line.

Before an audience of the Junior-Senior and Freshman-Sophomore Choruses, Mrs. Williard Hillyer gave the following delightful piano recital on Monday morning, March 21st, at the regular music period:

To Spring ..... *Grieg*
Arabesque ..... *Debussy*
Valchek ..... *Mokrej's*
Love's Dream ..... *Liszt*
Hark Hark! The Lark ..... *Schubert-Liszt*
Minuet Al' Antico (an encore) ..... *Seeboeck*

The warmth of her interpretations, the frank pleasure and increasing enjoyment of the audience, and the graciousness of Mrs. Hillyer's manner, all helped to put her in close touch with her auditors.

Each of the Junior-Senior and Freshman-Sophomore Choruses is working on a fine Cantata, which they anticipate giving on Friday, May 28th, at the Opera House.

The treble section of the Freshman-Sophomore Chorus is to present the cantata, entitled "Pan, on a Summer Day," a very attractive composition by Paul Bliss, an American composer. This number will be the main feature of the Musical Matinee. Other chorus selections will be given by the Eighth Grade Glee Club.

In the evening at 8:15 the members of the Junior-Senior Chorus will present the cantata, "The Building of the Ship," another American composition, the words of which are selected from the poem by Henry W. Longfellow, and the music is by Henry Lahee.

The Chorus is to be assisted by the Pilgrim Quartet, composed of Mrs. C. L. Elliott, soprano, Mrs. G. C. Kissling, contralto, Mr. A. E. Rau, tenor, and Mr. Bosshard, baritone, who will present the solo numbers.

Other selections will be given by the Mixed Glee Club. Both Choruses are putting forth their best efforts and artistic presentations are anticipated.

Arnold Schultz will be the accompanist for both performances, and Miss Kissling will be the directress.

On Wednesday evening, January 21, 1920, the June graduating class entertained the January graduating class at the Y. W. C. A. gymnasium. A picnic supper was served at six-thirty, after which dancing was enjoyed.

To stimulate army recruiting a nation wide essay contest was conducted on February 17th. All the pupils in the English classes participated and wrote essays on "What is the Benefit of an Enlistment in the United States Army?" Local prizes were given to the best essays in each grade. Arnold Schultz, '20, was awarded the prize given for the best boy's essay in the city, and Dorothy Curtis, '20, for the best girl's essay in the city.

Mr. McArthur, a personal friend of James Whitcomb Riley, spoke to the high school pupils on May 5th. He gave many interesting personal recollections of the Hoosier poet and various readings which brought out the charm and humor of Mr. Riley. All expressed a wish that there might be more such talks during the school year.

Musical Role of Seniors

"K-K-K-Katy" ..... Catherine Beil
"There's Music in the Air" ..... Arnold Schultz
"I Hate To Lose You, I'm So Used To You Now" ..... Hennet Leicht
"Mickey" ..... Milton Welty
"Have A Smile" ..... Sophia Thaldorf
"Your Eyes Have Told Me So" ..... Harold Parks
"Carolina Sunshine" ..... Helen Trippe
"Sailor Boy" ..... James Pellowski
"Smiles" ..... Velzora Kusche
"That Naughty Waltz" ..... Richard Maxwell
"Oh Helen Oh!" ..... Helen Protz
"Out of The East" ..... Eleanor Reisdorf
"Freckles" ..... Vernon Bingham
"The Vamp" ..... William Manley
"You Cannot Shake Your Shimmy Here" ..... Hermia Jereczek
"Lullaby Land" ..... Harold Prosser
"Mystery" ..... Lilleth Dean
"Let Me Tell You How I Love You" ..... Joe Leicht
"You Said It" ..... Florence Hall
"How Can I Leave Thee?" ..... Roy Hanson
"Hula, My Hawaii Hula" ..... Irene Ehmke
"Eyes" ..... Raymond Seitz
"Kathleen Mauvourneen" ..... Raoul La France
"Oh How She Can Dance" ..... Margaret Jereczek
'In My Little Olsmobile" ..... Hortense Beinhorn
"My Gal" ..... Edward Streator
"Daisies Won't Tell" ..... Daisy Zabrocki
"To Have and To Hold" ..... Arloine Jackson
"My Bonny Lies Over The Ocean" ..... Maxwell White
"They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me" ..... John Tracy

Can You Imagine

Mr. Davis short and fat?
Hortense Beinhorn without her pearls?
Hermia Jereczek without a split curl?
Florence Hall without a giggle?
Joe Leicht keeping still?
Rodney Craig reciting?
Ed Streator with a red "E" on his card?
Hennet Leicht wearing a hat?
Rosalie Voelker writing notes?
Everybody present at Glee Club Rehearsal?
Max White out with the same girl twice?
Doc Heise giving a speech at mass meeting?
Irene Ehmke not working?
Helen Protz with straight hair?
Bill Manley on the Honor Roll?
Babe Prosser awake in class?

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS

Most popular girl.....Dorothy Bishop
Most beautiful girl.....Dorothy Curtis
Best talker.....Harriet Averill
Biggest flirt.....Florence Hall
Best natured.....Arloine Jackson
The noisiest.....Henriette Leicht
Most unassuming.....Thelma McCarl
Best dresser.....Katherine Beil
Most graceful.....Margaret Jereczek
Best student.....Margaret Millam
Greatest giggler.....Sophia Thaldorf
Most fickle.....Hermia Jereczek
The dreamiest.....Helen Trippe
Most original.....Helen Trawicky
Most demure.....Grace Gordon
Wittiest girl.....Winefred Goetz

HIGH SCHOOL BOYS

Most popular man.....John Tracy
Handsomest man.....Rudy Sebo
Best talker.....Joseph Leicht
Best athlete.....James Pellowski
Most fickle.....Max White
Biggest bluff.....Bill Manley
Most conceited.....Raymond Seitz
Most modest.....Andrew Risser
The laziest.....Arthur Fair
The wittiest.....Richard Maxwell
The dreamiest.....Harold Parks
Best dresser.....Roy Hanson
Best natured.....Harold Prosser
Best student.....Irwin Habeck
Best fusser.....Archibald Milllr
Homeliest.....“There ain’t no such man”

WHY TEACHERS GO INSANE

1.—“Shall we write on both sides of the paper?”
2.—“I didn’t hear the question.”
3.—“Are the test papers marked yet?”
4.—“Must we write this in ink?”
5.—“I had my theme all written but I left it at home.”
6.—“Did you say our notebooks were due today?”
7.—“I can’t find that place?”
8.—“I lost my book.”
9.—“Do I have to get up in front of the class?”
10.—“I didn’t get that far.”
11.—“Couldn’t get the book.”
12.—“What are we going to next?”

WANT ADS

We want to know why Mr. Schmitt wrote "May all your life problems be as easy and pleasant as Social Problems of 1920" in I. E. 20's Memory Book. This calls for response on either side.

Wanted: A new girl for M. W. '20. (Variety is the spice of life, Max.)
Wanted: Black curly hair. H. T. '20.
Wanted: Prize for gum-chewing. H. B. (?)
Wanted: Adjustable sleeping couch. Harold P. '20.
Wanted: A new set of playthings for Harold Parks. (His others have worn out.)
Wanted: Wenonah Robb's vamping powers. Margaret Welsh.
Wanted: Comb. Dorothy Rand.
Wanted: Some left handed chairs for the left handed students.
Wanted: Something to make me sleep. R. C. (?)
Wanted: A bigger heart so I can handle all the women I love. J. T. '21.
Wanted: A job in the movies. R. R. '21.

If jumping at conclusions were physical culture, most girls would be athletes.

THE FACULTY PICTURE

Mr. Davis—"This afternoon we are to decide upon the Faculty picture. Mr. Rowen, what do you have to say?"

Mr. Rowen—"I just want to assure you that the photographer will be equipped with several extra strong lenses."

Mr. Davis—"That will be absolutely essential."

Miss Lumley—"I suggest that we have it taken early in the morning. I look so much fresher and sweeter then."

Mr. Carlton—"I don't agree with Miss Lumley. I prefer to have mine taken after lunch so I will look more amiable."

Mr. Myers—"I think I shall wear my military overcoat."

Mr. Davis—"That's a very good idea. It will give the picture such a military air."

Miss Hardie—"I think I shall wear my new spring hat."

Mrs. Allen—"If you do, people will think that you are a teacher of Parisian styles instead of an English instructor."

Miss Chadwick—"Is it possible for me to have my picture taken alone?"

Mr. Davis—"We'll consult the photographer. I hope you can."

Miss Beyerstedt—"Don't you think that it would be a clever idea if the Faculty joined the "Overall and Calico Club" and wore calico frocks, and overalls?"

Mr. Davis—"No, some would look entirely too natural then. We want the picture to flatter us."

Miss Koch—"I disagree with you, Mr. Davis; I think that it would give us a chance to show our originality."

Miss McCoig—"Can't we have the picture taken on a cloudy day? The sun makes me squint."

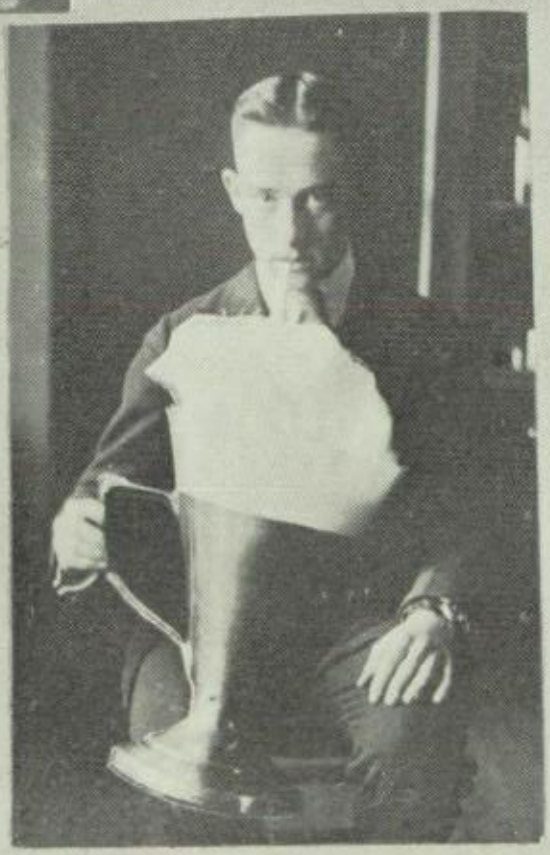
Mr. Davis—"You'll have to speak to the photographer."

Miss Keyes—"I hope that my cooking classes don't put me out of sorts that day."

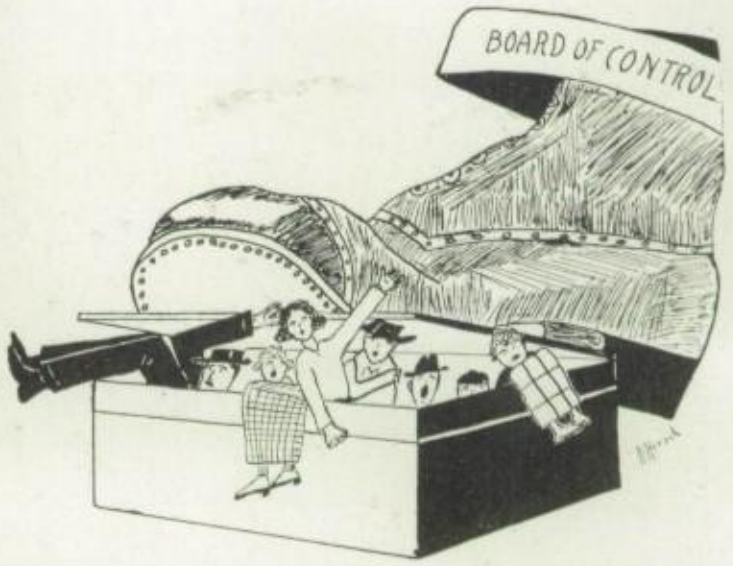
Mr. Bruce—"I think that we should all try to be dignified in appearance."

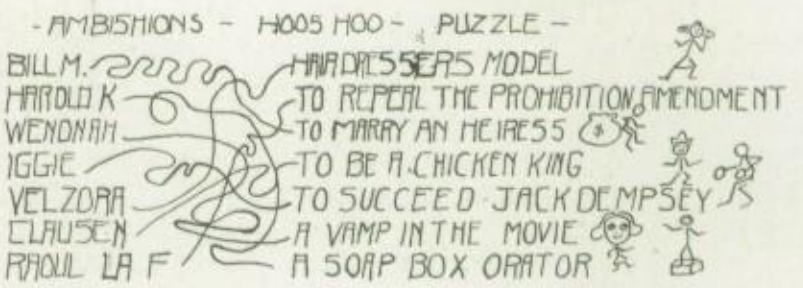
Mr. Davis—"It is getting late. Has anyone any other suggestion to offer?"

Mr. Carlton—"I suggest that we leave the question for the present and come back at it in another way."



As the student sees it —
US
AL.


BOARD OF CONTROL


- AMBISHIONS - HOOS HOO - PUZZLE -
BILL M.
HAROLD K
WENONAH
IGGIE
VELZORA
CLAUSEN
RAOUL LA F
HAIRDRESSERS MODEL
TO REPEAL THE PROHIBITION AMENDMENT
TO MARRY AN HEIRESS
TO BE A CHICKEN KING
TO SUCCEED JACK DEMPSEY
A VAMP IN THE MOVIE
A SOAP BOX ORATOR

WHY CANT YOU GIRLS EVER STAND STILL?
BECAUSE THE CLOCKS ON OUR
STOCKINGS ARE WOUND UP

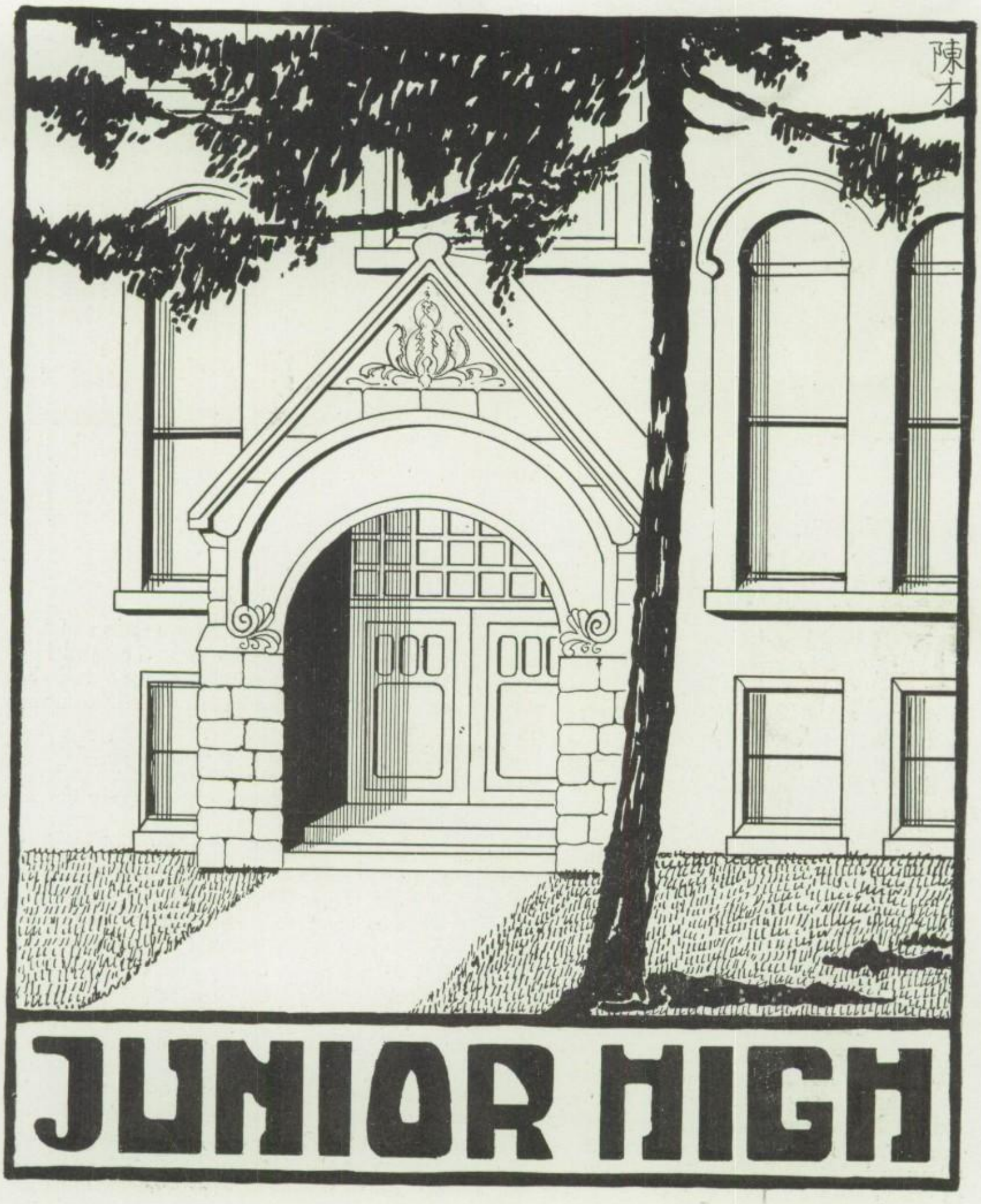
MISS K. - WHY DONT YOU KEEP YOUR FEET WHERE THEY BELONG.
M.E. THEY ARE — ON THE END of MY LEGS.

ROOM 154
THE JUNIOR'S FORD.-TOOT POWER PRO-PULSION —

ME.
YOU SAY THAT A DOG'S STOMACH CONTAINS .2 TO .4% HYDRO-CHLORIC ACID? WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU FED HIM IRON SULPHIDE?

ME
OUR ART EDITOR
PB

BL.—
Doesn't matter what I say
Just so I argue all the day.


陳才
JUNIOR HIGH

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLUB

Boys' and Girls' Club

THE Boys' and Girls' Club, organized and operated through the co-operation of the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the University of Minnesota, is well established in Winona. The object of this club is production and conservation of food and the development of boys and girls through the education and co-ordination of the head, the heart, the hand, and the health.

The spirit in which club members work in this 4 H Ecduation is expressed in their pledge: "I pledge my head to clearer thinking, my heart to greater loyalty, my hands to larger service, and my health to better living for my Club, my Community and my Country." The motto of the club is "To Make the Best Better."

The club was first organized in 1918; canning, breadmaking, gardening and poultry raising are the chief projects. While material gain to the boys and girls are not the most important, a few figures from the 1919 report are interesting: 864 loaves of bread were baked, 5009 jars of fruit, vegetables and meats were canned, 2621 chickens were raised, and 1520 square rods, or 9.44 acres, of gardens were grown by Winona Club members.

The Garden Club has held State Championship for 1918 and 1919. Last year Edwin Neeb made the second best record in gardening and was entitled to a free trip to the Horticultural Society's meeting at St. Paul in December. A team of three making the next best record were also entitled to this free trip. Those winning this were Enoch Thompson, Luella Koch and Herbert Wedde.

The Poultry Club has also held State Championship for the two years of its existence. Edwin Neeb won State Championship in 1919. His story on another page speaks for itself. It will be remembered that he won Third Place in the State id 1918 and that Irwin Clausen held the State Championship in this project in 1918. Edwin received a free trip to the Short Course at University Farm this spring and to the 1920 Minnesota State Fair and a gold national all star emblem making him a life member of the National Boys' and Girls' Club. The club received as a reward a free trip for a Demonstration Team of three to the Minnesota State Fair in 1920 and to the Minnesota Poultry Show last January. Those attending the Poultry Show at Minneapolis were Edwin Neeb, Francis Elmer and Edward Leicht.

The High School Canning Team, consisting of Ruth Bohn, Ruth Posz and Gertrude Schoniger, won Second Place at the State Fair Contest where fifty teams competed, and Ruth Bohn won the State Championship in single competition. This entitled the girls to a cash prize of $9.00, nine dozen jars and rubbers and a free trip to the Short Course, 1919. Ruth also received a gold national all star medal making her a life member of the National Boys' and Girls' Club.

Dorothy Brandt won out in the Winona County Bread Contest and took Fifth Place at the State Fair Contest.

While regular club meetings are held in parliamentary fashion in all Winona schools where the club is organized, all belong to the Winona Boys' and Girls' Club, which meets at the Winona High School under the leadership of the club leader, Stella Halderson, and officers of the club—President, Ruth Bohn; Vice President, Gertrude Schoniger; Secretary-Treasurer, Edwin Neeb.

Prospects for 1920 indicate that greater and better achievements will be made this year.

How I Did My Canning and What I Learned Doing It—Ruth Bohn, Minnesota Champion Canner

I have been a member of the Winona Boys' and Girls' Canning Club since its organization in 1918. I received my mother's permission to do nearly all of the home canning for our family. I worked hard to raise and can as many vegetables and fruits as possible because I saw everywhere the slogan, "Food Will Win the War." With this incentive I set to work. That year I did quite a bit of canning and won several prizes which I won't mention here.

The Junior High School team had won a free trip to the Horticultural meeting in January. One of the members of this team moved from the city and I was chosen a substitute in her place. I enjoyed this trip, including the demonstration which our team had to put on before the Horticultural Society. This completed my first year's work but I had no notion of quitting.

Early in April, 1919, I attended the Boys' and Girls' Short Course at University Farm which gave me a fine start for the year.

My 1919 canning started when I discovered some large dandelion greens intruding into my club garden. Next came peas, asparagus, beet greens, beets, corn and other vegetables. Some of the fruits I canned were cherries, peaches, plums and pears. Having learned the principles involved in cold pack canning we were allowed to can soup, meat and fish.

I have canned with a home-made hot water bath canner which consists of a water pail, a tight fitting cover and a false bottom which is a device used to keep the jars from coming in direct contact with the flame and to keep a free circulation of water and steam around the bottom of the jars. We get our information on canning at canning schools and from Bulletin 839 published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

In August Ruth Posz, Gertrude Schoniger and I were chosen to represent all of the Winona Canning Club members at the State Fair Demonstration Contest. We competed with about fifty other teams and won second place, while the Individual State Championship fell to me. Of course, we were happy and glad we had worked hard. We received a reward of money, jars and trips, but the honor we thought most of was the Achievement we had accomplished.

We like very much to can; in fact we would rather can than play. Besides the fun we have doing the work we know we are conserving food, which is the duty of every American citizen.

Our team attended the 1920 Short Course this spring at St. Paul with our expenses paid. Class work extended through the mornings, afternoons we went on trips, and evenings we were entertained by movies and stunt programs. There were about four hundred club members present and I believe all enjoyed the week immensely.

We intend to do more and better work this year for to be a real club member we must "Make the Best Better."

How I Raised My Poultry and What I Learned Doing It—Edwin Neeb, Champion, Minnesota Boys' and Girls' Poultry Club

This is my third year in Poultry Club work. I kept thirteen Standard Bred White Wyandotte hens which I thought were the best of my 1918 flock over winter. I prepared a breeding pen, consisting of four hens and one rooster. My hens were so interested in egg laying that they refused to become broody, with the exception of two, so I bought fourteen "clucks." Settings were made between February 25th and May 2d. I set 182 eggs and got 118 chicks as a result. They seemed strong; as soon as they were dry they would come out from under the mother hen and begin to scratch for a living.

I did not feed the baby chicks before they were from thirty-six to forty-eight hours old; I gave them some fine grit, fresh water and boiled eggs, shell and all, ground. These eggs were the infertile ones saved from the egg tests and form a perfect food for baby chicks. I fed them Milk Mash which I consider good chick feed. I kept my chicks warm in clean brood coops, giving them plenty of fresh water, in safe containers. Other foods were chick feed, scratch feed and ground feed, lawn clippings, lettuce and other garden products unfit for sale or table use, from my club garden, and charcoal which serves to keep them healthy. As the chicks grew older I fed them feed suited to their age and kept them in larger runs. It is most interesting to watch chickens grow and develop. I could sit by the hour watching them, forgetting everything else.

In August and September I culled off my flock, disposing of cockerels that would not make good breeders, and pullets that were not likely to become good layers. These culls numbered sixty-one and brought me $29.41. I keep my flock culled all the time for I don't intend to keep "boarders." I have learned to dress chickens for market.

I have two large chicken coops. Each has a door, double window and ventilator at the front; a small door at the side allows chickens to pass into the run. Inside at the rear are the roosts on a level, underneath is the dropping board, with approaches. Out of waste lumber and kegs I made feed troughs and drinking fountains.

I keep a daily egg record; from December 6th to October 13th my thirteen hens laid 2235 eggs, or 186¼ dozen; these netted me $76.76.

I exhibited my best birds at the Winona Poultry show last November and was rewarded liberally with prizes. Nearly half of the birds there belonged to club members. I exhibited also at the Rochester Show, taking First Prize on my birds.

Since January my eggs have netted me $62.25. I am hatching by incubator this year. I have seventy-eight baby chicks so far and 107 eggs under incubation. Fifty-one of the chicks have "farmed out" for wider range makes more vigorous birds.

I like Poultry Club work and am satisfied with my 1919 results. My Financial Statement shows a total value of $292.72, a total cost of $54.92, leaving a net profit for the year of $237.82. So you see I have made some money besides helping Uncle Sam produce food, which is the duty of every red-blooded American who can. I intend "To Make the Best Better" this year.

THE INSPIRATION

Once upon an evening dreary, as I studied, weak and weary
Over many a tangled work of Latin lore
While I wept o'er translation, suddenly there came an inspiration
'Twas as if some new sensation had my muddled brain o'ertaken
From my mind a load was lifted though the phrase but simply gifted
"Cognosce verba," nothing more.

—B. Sperbeck.

CHEMISTRY CLUB

JUNIOR HI Y CLUB

Junior Girls Reserves

Scouting Committee..... Arvela Bornetts
Outings and Innings Committee.....Pearl Kinzie
Service Committee.....Mary Ellen Polly
Cheer Leader.....Mildred Malloy

THE Junior Girls Reserves, a Junior High organization made up of about forty-five members, is one of the busiest and most energetic clubs of High School. Meetings are held every Friday after school at the Y. W. C. A. Gymnasium. A business meeting is held, games are played and entertainments are given. The Club has emphasized its service department and has done wonderful work. The members made Easter baskets for the children of the Day Nursery and have made many things since the beginning of school for the amusement of a little sick girl at the hospital. The club enjoys a party every month.

The Junior Hi Y

The season 1919-20 was the second year in the history of the organization. It is composed of boys in the eighth and ninth grades who are also members of the Junior Gymnasium class.

The purpose of the group is to develop naturally all the qualities that go to make up a four square man.

Meetings are held weekly on Thursday at the Y. M. C. A. The first part of the evening is given over to lunch. Then follows the business session. A course of study called "Athletics of the Bible" has been followed with interest.

Meetings are varied by inviting speakers from outside to present matters of interest and by programs which can only be originated and enjoyed by such a group.

This semester's officers are:

President.....Robert Burns
Vice President.....Gordon Beatty
Secretary-Treasurer.....Philip Bauman

The Family Cat

HO! Here! what is that noise, I'll have to investigate; it sounds as though it comes from that old closet I haven't looked into for about a year. Yes, it must come from there, because I looked just before I came upstairs to take a nap in every other nook and cranny and I didn't hear or smell anything. I gotta be quiet now or that mouse'll get away. Only ten more steps and I'll have'm sure, only three more, only two, blankety, blankety, blank, blank! Why in thunder did that paper have to rattle? Here comes mother to see what the noise is about. I'll have to pretend that it wasn't my fault. Ah! now I can breathe easier for she just left. Oh, well, I got away with it. Now I'll have to take my annual wash, whether I need it or not."

—J. Curtis.

Pages From a B-VIII Grade Diary

March 4, 1920.

WE looked upon a world unknown on nothing we could call our own." That is what Whittier said in "Snowbound" about a December day. This March day of 1920 the ground is covered with "dazzling crystal." The sun shines so brightly upon it that if we are not wearing dark glasses we need to shade our eyes. The shades have been drawn in the schoolroom to keep out the glare. Men and boys may be seen digging paths, but not through the "solid whiteness" as the boys did in "Snowbound," for the snow is light although deep. The sky or firmament is not the clear blue but has many fleecy clouds. The wind whistles about the buildings and down the streets, causing the snow to drift and blow in our faces. The snow covers the ice on the sidewalk so that it is dangerous because we do not know when we are going to strike some ice and probably fall. The tree-tops are covered with snow and if we could shake them we would get a shower. Snow lies in all the cracks and crevices and there is even some lodged on top of the red brick chimneys. The bluffs are also covered with the white, fleecy down. We can see the dogs jumping and playing in the high, white mounds. The snow is soft so it cannot be made into balls by the children. It certainly is a queer March day.

—A. Kaiser B-8-2.

March 11, 1920.

What a contrast this day is to the Thursday of the previous week! It is wet and slushy and rather warm. This kind of weather makes one feel sleepy and listless. It makes one wonder where his pep has gone. It was so foggy early this morning that we could not see ten feet in front of us. The headlights of the car could not pierce the gloom. There have been dark clouds in the sky that make one feel as if they were foretelling some event that would be disastrous to us. It has been raining all day. Sometimes it is a five minute shower and other times it lasts over half an hour. I have never known a day that made everyone feel so weary and lifeless as this day.

—E. Cohn B-8-2.

MY DESIRES

I'd like to be a Senior,
So wise and learned and smart,
Or to be a popular Junior
Would gladden my small heart;
Although the conceited sophomores
Do annoy me and molest,
I think that being a green freshie,
Is better than the best.

—A. FRESHMAN.

LAMENT OF THE FRESHIE

I'm forever dreaming visions
Of vacation so far away,
When the Seniors will make decisions
As to their future course and way.
But me, a poor little Freshie
With four more years ahead,
Will only be planning school dresses,
And wishing I were dead!

—E. BURNS.

Sew—Sew—Sew,
And it's so—so—so,
If it's not just so,
Then Zero—Zero—Zero.

—M. KOCH.

I discovered something new,
When I first entered English Two,
Book Reports were not so bad,
But those themes they drove me mad.
Later on in English Two
"Smith's Short Stories" came in view,
Short they were I will admit,
But just the same they took some wit.

—E. TILLMAN.

SCHOOL DAYS

Oh! why does there have to be schools?
That make you obey a bushel of rules,
That compel you to study and recite,
From morning until night,
'Tis sad.
And then there is always a chance,
Which you can't see at a glance,
That sometimes you are liable to flunk,
Then you say the teachers are punk,
'Tis sad.
But perhaps when your schooling is done,
And your work in the world has begun,
You'll be glad of the knowledge you gleaned,
Then the school will not be so bad as it seemed,
I'm glad.

—J. HUGHES.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Radiograph

Published annually by the students of the Winona High School, Winona, Minn.

Greetings

The last spring which the Seniors will ever see in Winona High School has come. The warmth of the sunshine, the fragrance of the flowers, the warbling of the birds, the mood for lazy meditation—all these remind us of the proximity of our departure. The realization that we are about to leave Winona High School never to return to it again as students is slowly but surely creeping over us. Some of us have completed our class room education, while others anticipate a normal or college course. But in both cases, now as never before, we feel the great love, the deep affection that we have for this dear school of ours. Through it all comes the warm glow of school spirit, and the Radiograph Staff sincerely trusts that each of its readers may imbibe the spirit of unwavering loyalty and zealous patriotism for our Winona High School.

School Spirit and Class Spirit

The taxpayers of the city furnish the building, the faculty, the curriculum and the equipment but the students furnish the other element which is necessary to complete a first class school. This element is the spirit which the student has for his school. Spirit may be divided into two classes, namely, school spirit, which is the attitude he takes in regard to activities that involve the whole student body; and class spirit, which is the loyalty he assumes towards the projects his class undertakes.

School spirit and class spirit are attributes which are necessary for an ideal school because they touch upon every phase of the activities which are carried on either by the school as a whole or by the class separately. If the students of a school lacked school spirit so that the athletic teams and other enterprises failed to get their support it would not be long until that school would become merely a pile of stones because everyone would be so dead. But if the school were full of wide awake students ready to back any enterprise it would soon have a reputation that would be envied. This school would become the model for other schools.

Class spirit and school spirit should work in harmony with each other so that the friendly rivalries set up by inter-class contests do not become so intense that they interfere with the affairs of the school at large. If this condition arises from the stress of too much class competition it would be far better to eliminate these activities. The inter-class contests which have become so popular among the students should stimulate a spirit that will develop in Winona High School. If this comes to pass then class spirit has done its work excellently and should receive all necessary encouragement. But if it does not bring about this result, class spirit is a miserable failure and should be repressed.

Courtesy

The friendship among students, the cooperation between the students and the members of the faculty, and the harmony between the student body and the Public, are injured to an unsuspected extent by discourtesy. Are you discourteous to your

fellow-student, uncivil to your teachers, and unpolite to the public? Why?

Discourtesy among ourselves is almost entirely ascribable to carelessness. Perhaps it is because we consider courtesy a useless formality that we seldom make sure that our conduct is inoffensive. But if we do not acquire the habit of courtesy now, in the majority of cases, we never shall.

Incivility to our teachers is partly due to carelessness, but to a far greater extent to the admiration we suppose we gain from our amazed class-mates, after we have dared to oppose pedagogial authority. Do you revel and delight in the experiment to see "how far you can go" without having your connection with the class forcibly severed? Change your attitude, and watch results, noting your report card first.

Impoliteness outside of school is immediately assigned by the public to improper training in school. If you have any school spirit, if you have any school patriotism, if you have any desire that our school be universally respected, above all things be polite to everyone.

Get the habit of being polite, courteous, and civil, at school, and apply it out of school, and we will do our bit for raising the standard both of our high school, and that of our city.

Co-operation

Did you ever stop to think what a big word "co-operation" is? In the universe, from the greatest factor to the smallest detail, co-operation must be present to secure harmony and accord. Without co-operation, the universe with its sun and moon and stars would depart from its prescribed course and destruction would ensue. Hoover, unsupported by an army of patriotic housewives, would have failed in his conservation program. Reno has been made popular, and an automobile is stalled, entirely because of a lack of co-operntion. When the South was seceding from the Union, Lincoln said, "A house divided against itself must fall." He meant that without co-operation the United States would never last.

Co-operation has a big place in school life. A coach must work with his men, and his men with him, the team must play together, to be victorious. But that is not enough. An excellent team without the strong support of the student body is playing against a great handicap. The cheers, yells, and encouragement from the side lines, are the best known stimulants for a team. The student body must be loyal to the standards of the school, the faculty, and to each other; and the class, whether Senior or Freshman, must work together for the good of all, not of an asserting few. If the students play their part in trying to make their school a pleasant place, the faculty will come more than half way. By co-operative measures the school life can be made more interesting socially as well as scholastically.

With co-operation in the lead, whether at home, in school, or in the world at large, harmony, team work, service and progress will follow in its train.

Concentration

Concentration may be defined as close mental application, absorption, or exclusive attention. It is a necessray asset if one wishes to get the most out of a high school education. A student who really concentrates for one half hour will get more out of a lesson than another student will, who studies for two hours but does not give his undivided attention to it. To get the underlying idea in English, concentration is necessary; to become accurate in Mathematics, concentration is necessary; and to attain efficiency in Shorthand and Typewriting, concentration is absolutely essential. The quality is valuable not only in High School but also in the business world, consequently, if one has acquired the habit of concentration while in High School, it will prove an asset in later life.

An Ideal Student

In our High School there are many types of students. There are athletes, "bookworms," "sissies," and those who are brilliant. Which of these should we call an ideal student? Is it the one who always has his lessons but does not support the Basketball and Football Teams; the one whose interest is held only by athletics; or the one who cares for books, and nothing else? The ideal student should be one who "works while he works, and plays while he plays." He does not necessarily have to get the most A's, but should hold his school work as important as outside activities. He should be interested in the social affairs of the school and boost them at all times, and enter into the athletic spirit. He should not

be the one whom teachers find it necessary to chastise, but one whom they can trust.

All students possess some of these qualities, but there are but few who possess all.

The staff feels greatly indebted to the English teachers, the members of the Art Department, Mr. Walters for his group pictures, the students, and the business men, for their support and assistance and we take this opportunity to express our appreciation. It is due largely to their co-operation that this, our Annual, is the success that it is.

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Milton: "Yes sir."
Mr. S. "Put it in the waste basket."
Milton reluctantly complies.
Five minutes later.
Mr. S. "Milton, are you chewing gum again?"
Milton: "Yes sir."
Mr. S. "Swallow it."

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Mr. C. (to economics class) "I have had the pleasure of hearing James Whitcomb Reiley recite 'The Old Swiming Hole' before he died several times."

Mr. S. "Of what is a party platform made?"
Pupil: "Planks."

Miss Chadwick: "What is the normal position of a relative pronoun in a sentence?"
E. K. '23: "About the middle of the sentence."

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Motto for Algebra?
We "adam" to make them "eve"—n.

A Senior: "You don't know how much you have to know, to know how little you know."

Miss Galph. "What are some of the things they raise in China?"
L. M. "They raise cane for one thing."

First pupil: "Roy Hanson sure has music on the brain."
Second pupil: "And that aint all."

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M. G. '20 (giving a book report) "—— and he saw a man on a horse with a beard."

Mr. Meyers. "That answer has already been given by you."
C. G. "I didn't hear it."

Miss Muir in English II. "Who was Nester?"
H. T. "King of Pylos."
Miss Muir: "Where is it?"
H. T. "In the back of the book."

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Queen of the fairies: "I had to do something to get the "chap" off my hands."

Soph. displaying yellow slip: "These High School teachers ought to join the canning club."

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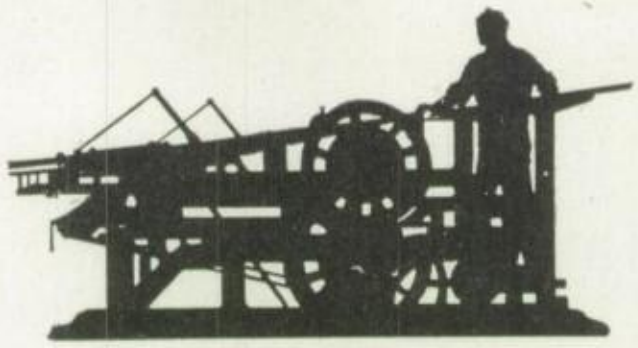

GENERAL OFFICES AT WINONA, MINNESOTA

Mr. Carlton: "Miss Goss, are auto trucks wealth?"
A. C. "___Well___"
Mr. C. "Well, I am glad you are well."

Miss Halderson, in History: "Name a Federal building in Winona?"
M. E. P. B. VIII: "The Federal Bakery."

B. M. '22: "My marks are the only things that keep me from being exempt."

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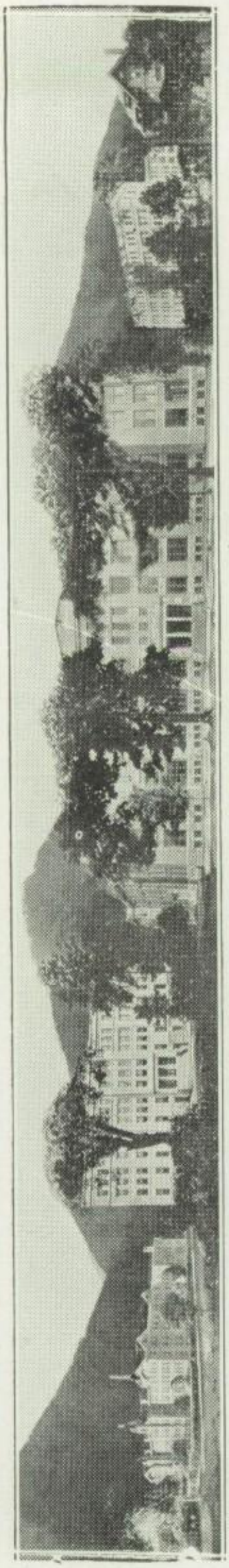

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Doctor: "Why?"
Bill B.: "It's always pulled me out of every hole yet."

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"What could be sweeter
Than Dorothy Streater?"

Miss McC.: "If you multiply forty by forty, what would you get?"
C. P. "Fortification, I think."

Mrs. Calph in Commercial Geography: "Do travelers often fall over the precipices into the canyon below?"
J. P. "No, only once."

M. C. '20: "——and he saw a man on a horse with a beard."

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G. F. '20 (giving special topic in French Class) "and the streets were paved with asbestos (asphalt)"

Mrs. Allen in Eng. VIII "What are Lamb's Works, John?"
J. T. '20: "Lamb's Tales."

Miss Lumely in Geometry Class: "I learned how to abstract square root over 40 years ago."

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J. T. '20: (translating Latin) "That horse is my brother."

In Ancient History, the class was discussing the manor system of the feudal age.

Miss McM. "What was the manor?"

Bright Pupil (trying to bluff) "The manner of what?"

J. G. '22 (translating Latin) "Then he killed the dog with angry words."

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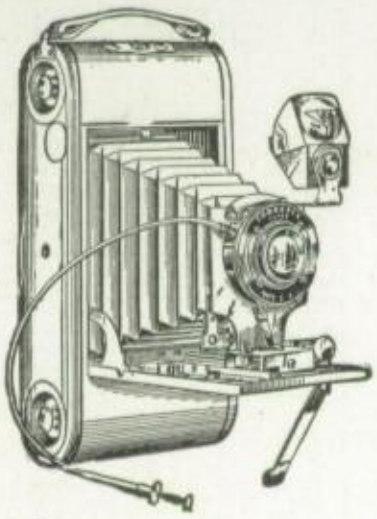

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ALL THE WORLD OVER

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An organization of boys and men who help one another develop

PHYSICALLY MENTALLY SOCIALLY SPIRITUALLY

FAVORITE SAYINGS OF JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS

Miss Muir "Where's your dictionary?"
Miss Johaniss: "None of that, get to work!"
Miss C. Olson: "None of that funny stuff."
Miss Calph: "If you have nothing else to do prepare a special topic."
Miss Halderson: (to pupil chewing gum): "Why don't you bring your pancakes to school?"
Miss Gillette: "Keep quiet."
Miss Nelson: "Get to work."
Mr. Struck: "Please be quiet, John has the floor."
Miss Tillman: "Would you like to have a special session at 3:35?"

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Senior: "Where do bugs winter?"
Junior: "Search me."

M. Welty, after Sebo had given incorrect answer in Social Problems, "Rudy, you got the wrong page."

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Gifts for Graduates

Senior: "What edition of David Copperfield are you using?"
Freshie: "Why, Dickens I think."

Mr. S, in Hist.: "When a king dies in England, what is necessary?"
W. M. '20: "He must be buried."

Miss Johnson, explaining the difference between "le canif" and"Le contean".
" 'Le canif' is a pen knife and 'lecontean' is the knife you eat with."

O. J. McManus

Shoes

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Second Soph—"She likes to see some green things growing."

Mr. Walters—"How do you distinguish between music and a noise?"
D. K.—'21 "Music is what I make on my mandolin and noise is what R. H.—'20 makes.'

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Mr. Walters: "Carl can you tell me what air is?"

C. P.: (After thinking deeply) "I got it in my head but I can't explain it."

Discussing whether hair is living or dead.

R. L.: "How do they keep it the same color?"

L. S.: "Dye it."

Mr. M: "Well then it must be dead?"

M. B. '22: (reading theme) "I would like to visit the beautiful cemeteries in Paris and see all the people who died during the war."

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THEO. GRIFFITH
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Miss Olson to R. L. '20: "Just remind your brother that he is not perfect yet."
R. L. "I know it."

Miss Halderson was explaining to her history class who Maximillian was. She concluded her little talk with, "And poor Maximillian was shot in the end."

Miss Olson: "What other knight sought for the Holy Grail?"
R. M. '20: "Sir Percival."

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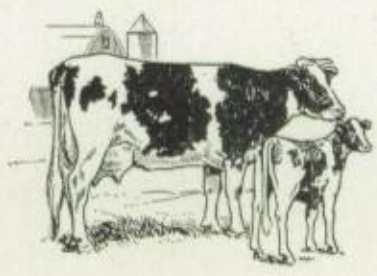

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G. B. STAGER

Winona, Minn.

I. C. '11: "What do you call that small chisel you make round circles with?"
1r. R. "Round Circles!"
I. C. "Well some of my circles are roumd."

B. M. '21: "We have to have a dozen grasshoppers for Biology class to-morrow Does anybody know where they keep their nests?"
Oh! Mr. Meyers, has all your teaching been in vain!

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C. P. '22: "Soil water is dirty water."

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